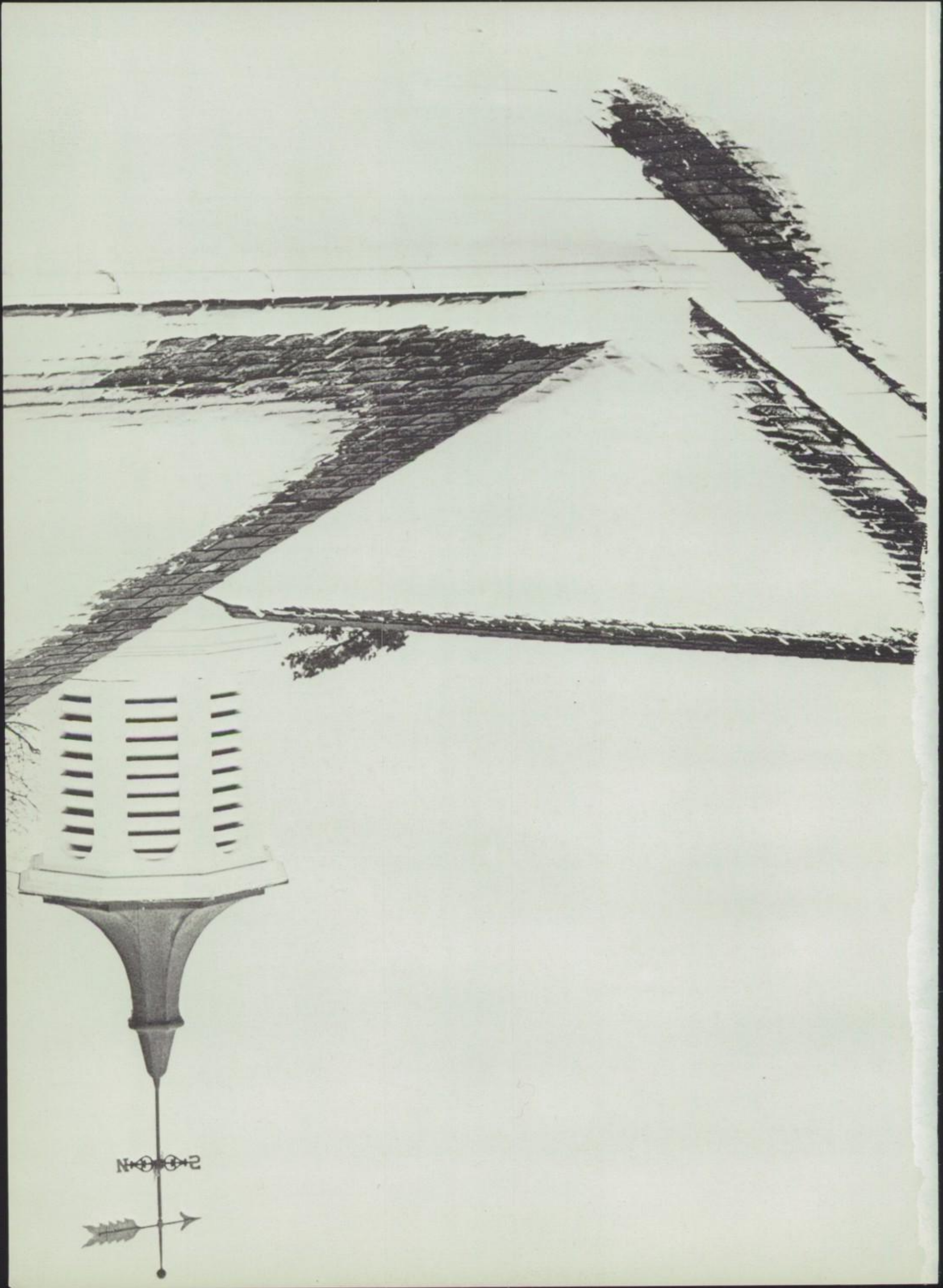

N
S

STUDENTS

Kindergarten

Jim Logan Molly Wickes Sarah McPeak Tina Hartman Becky Drake Donna Hill Luke Fikioris Donnie Wedding
Lee McCoy Penny Euton Mark Yarger Schim Martin Eric Russell Mary Maritz Seated: Joe Saul

Jonathan James Zack Meister Ella Kazeroom Abbot Stranahan Mariann Kern Debbie Gifford Tammy Bouler Wendy Neilson

Jason Murphy Missing: Walter Gailey Jeff Hankins Beth-Ellen Klenk

red
sled
yellow
yellow

1st Grade

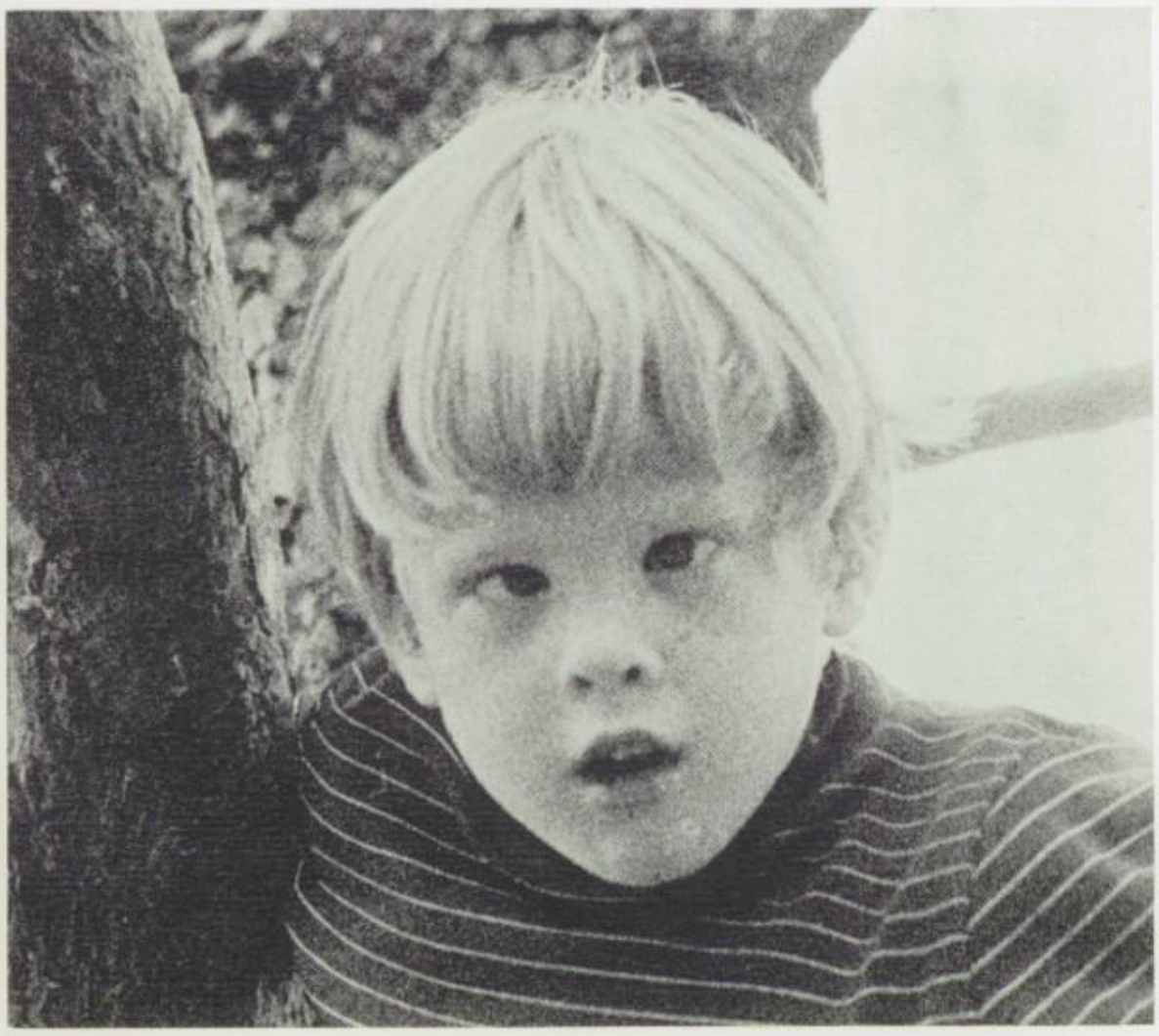
First Row: John Zachman Sandra Price Johanna Meister Carol Wedding Second Row: Quintin Thurman Aviva Rothschild Toni Gertner Third Row: Michelle Morgan Eric Craig Brad Hamrick Ross Cochran Fourth Row: Dayrl Smith David Dicky Peter Boeschenstein Missing: Stuart Hinson Sloan Johnson

First Row: Tammie Bumpus
Michelle Shepler Robert McCreery
Second Row: William James
Erik Staplefeld Brent Kintner
Laurie Marston Third Row:
Louise Foster Josh Stanrahan
Mary Lee Fauver Lindsay McCord
Jody Katzner Missing: David
Swolsky

2nd Grade

Sitting: William Both Stuart Gailey Mark Bostleman Abby Hankins Holly Euton Standing: Lisa Drake Whitney Gifford Delbert Duckins Betsy Coolidge Scott Pacer Peter Miller Standing in Puppet Theater: Debbie Parsons Paige Rorick LeAnn Tavtigian Missing: Shawn Russell

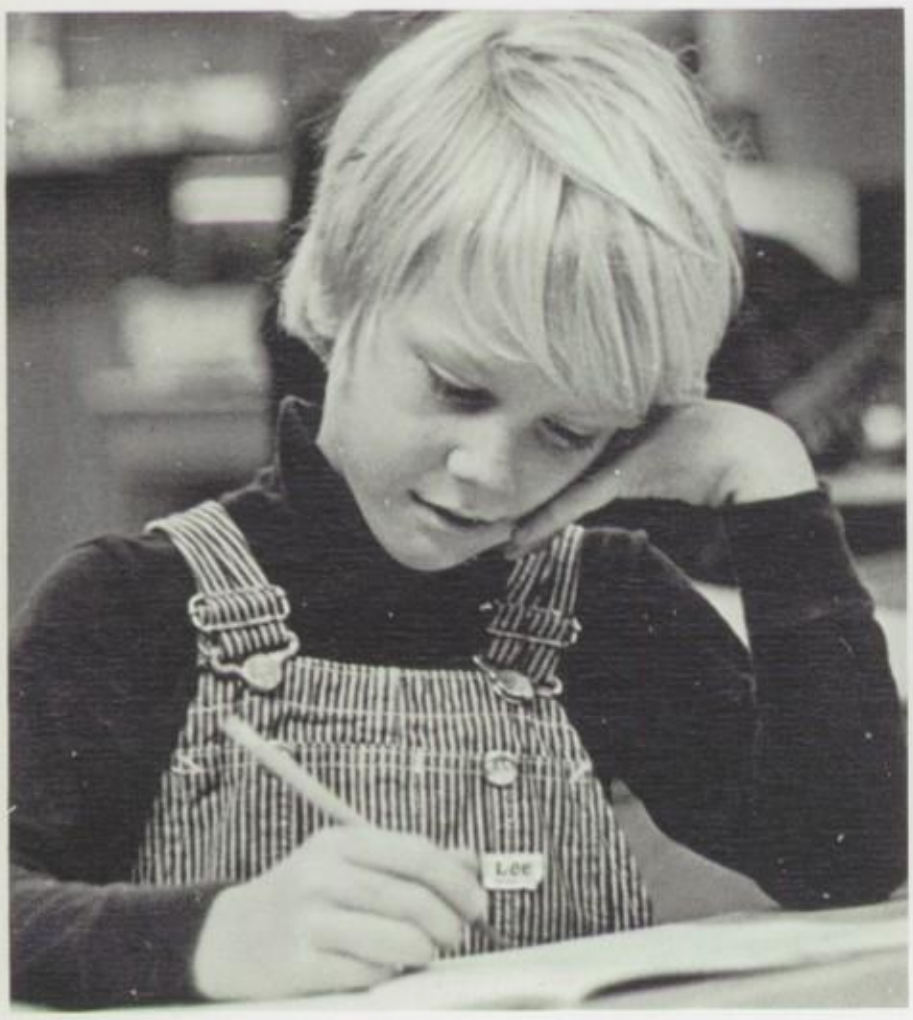
Sitting—First Row: Susanna Patrick Peggy Davis Val Hancock Second Row: Cindy Stranahan Blair Foster Scott Glowacki Lee Crumbaker Standing: Stephen Hankins David Kimmelman Angela Klotz Lisa Latin George Fikioris John Callendar Andy Bartholomay



3rd Grade

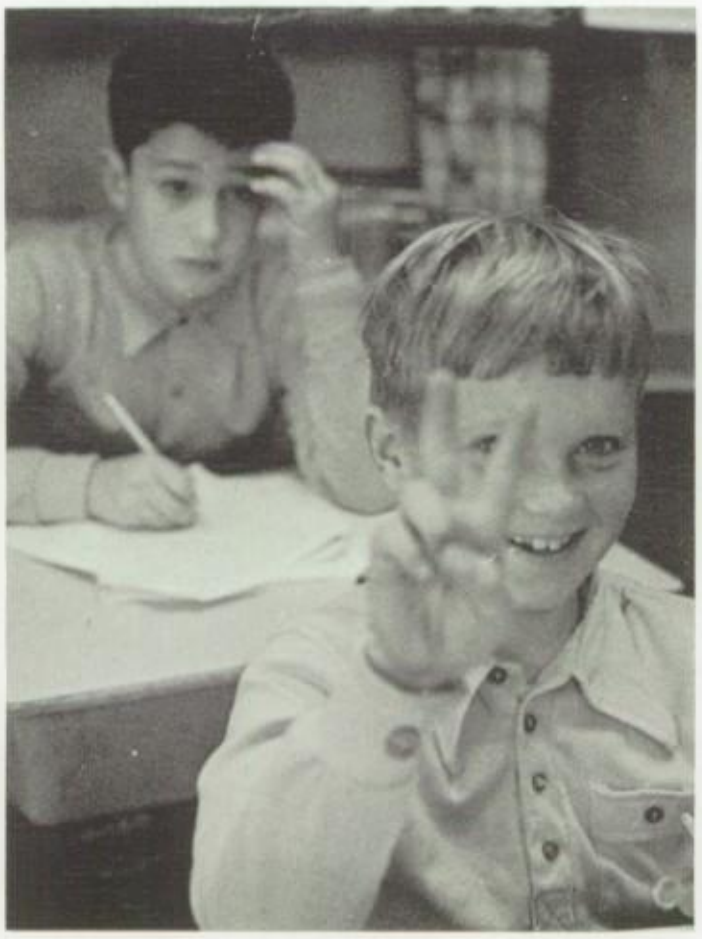
First Row: Gary Parsons Brent Stone Shawn Russell Johnson McKelvy
Second Row: Janney Bretz Debbie Craig Lisa West Edie Magoun Susan Price Jenny Rayport Third Row: Jeff Miller Dick Jamieson Missing: Katie Blaser John Cochran David Joseph Shelly Meister

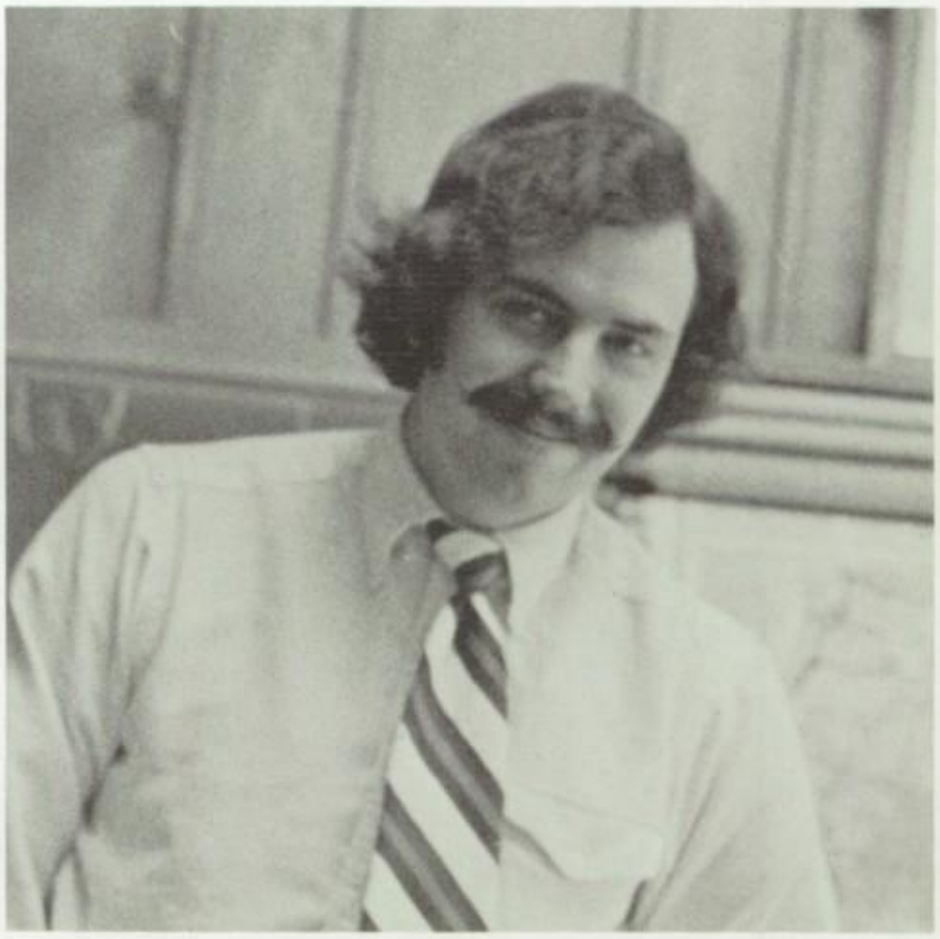
First Row: Sean Tavtigian Davey White Christine Wolfe Karl Stapelfeldt Chris Welles Chuck Dowell
Second Row: Helycia Simmons Anne Logan Katie Foster Celia Dorfman Missing: Andrew Miller Becky Settles Stacy Stinson


Lee

4th Grade

First Row: Elizabeth Morgan Monica Bumpus Chris Kasperpak Tracy Radecki Lynn Foster Amy Kimmelman Stephanie White Second Row: Star Hirsch Laurie Crawford Tonya Schlotterer Cappie Foster Harold Hancock Kristy Nielson Third Row: Doug MacNichol Dion Raftopoulos Martha Brown Gwen Geraci Tom Bemis



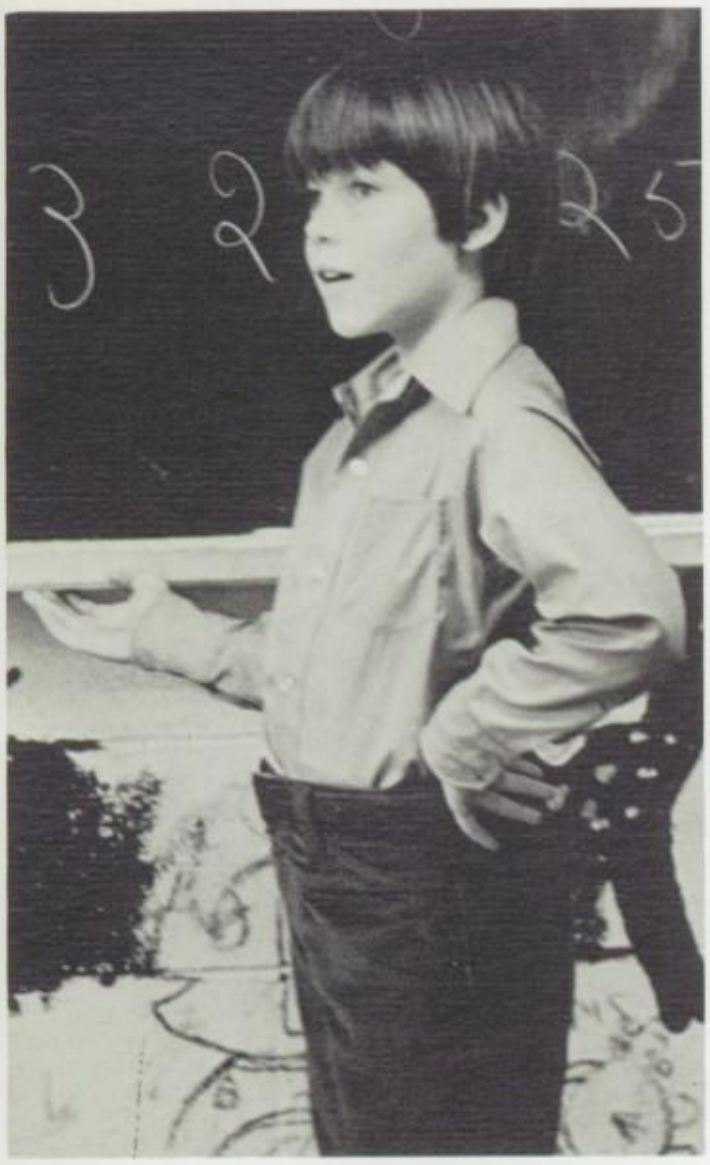


Amy Jane Barnes Robyn Gandy Nancy Patrick
Taryle Johnson Libby Wade John Leslie

Lew Dickey Davey Nelson Scott Fauver

5th Grade

Sitting: Jeff Williams Mike Abernathy Leila Nunn Ellen Fauver Metrya Simmons Frances Stranahan Libby Ball Rachael Nasitir Standing—First Row: Tony Morais Craig Bigelow George Orser Sam Oakun Tom Harmon Wendy O'Desky Kelly Euton Barbara Logan Linda Beall David McCord Jeff Rayport Tom Samonek Second Row: Hans Shoup Bob Glick Margo Getman Kim Detzer Chip Hankins Eric Stamps Tom Reed Brigette Hill Sean Carroll John Foster Missing: Taylor McKelvy Chris Rohrbacher



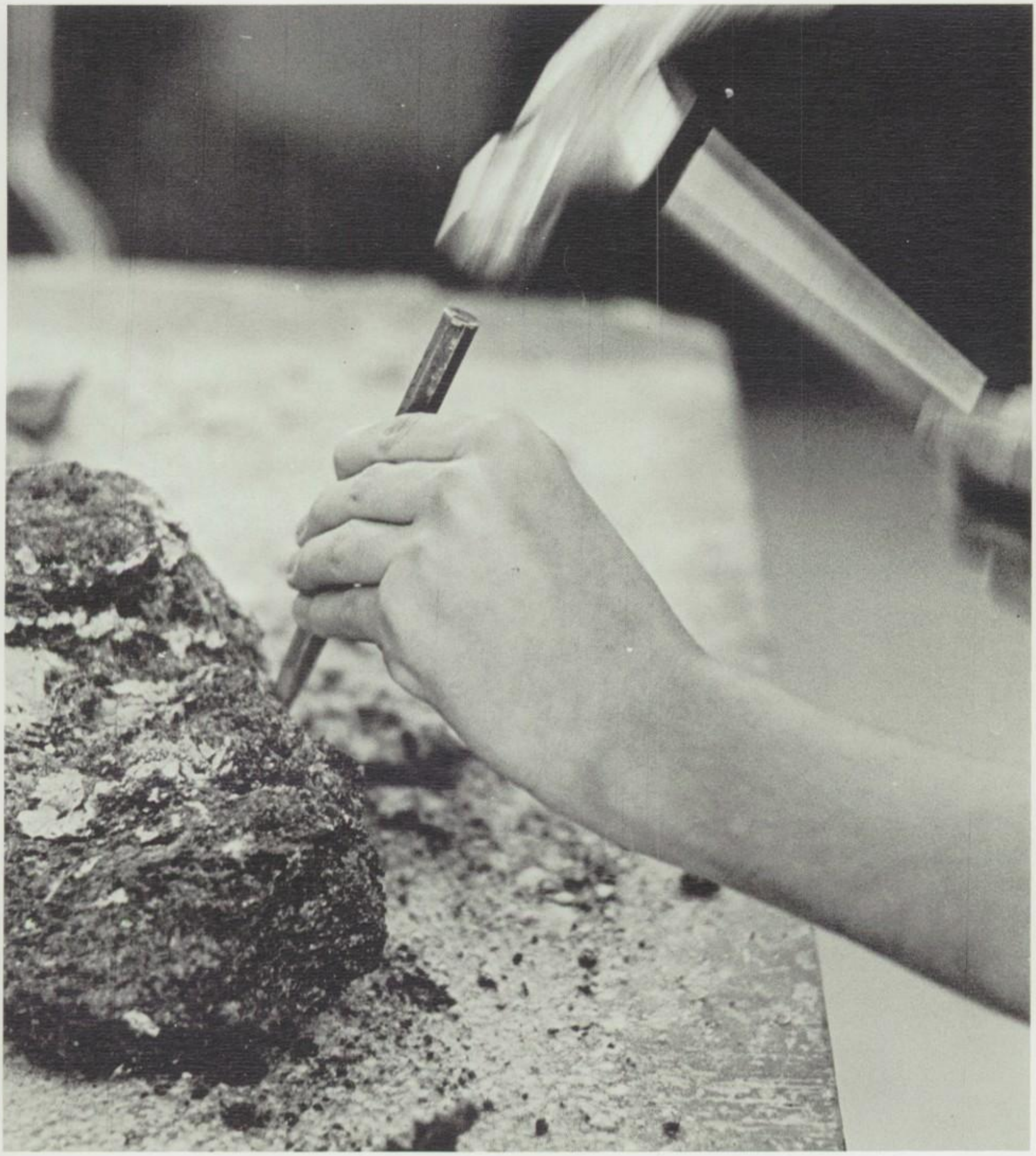
6th Grade

Sitting: Aaron Dorfman Bryant Reichert Brent West Pat Klever Jewel Woodard Jeff Kerscher Bob Meynardie Greg Williams John Meynardie Standing: Richard Cubbon Wendy Romanoff Louise Ninneman Missing: Scott Foster Doug Gertner Peggy Gertner

Sitting on Floor: Brad Wade Patsy Magoun Liz Foster Sitting on Chairs: Bonnie Nielson Christel Mann Chris Miller Mary Kay Bass Peter Welles Stephanie Dana Mark Robinson Page Stranahan Pam Cheney (standing) Judith Nasatir Mr. Alex Craig Missing: Lanny Joyce Roberta Nelson

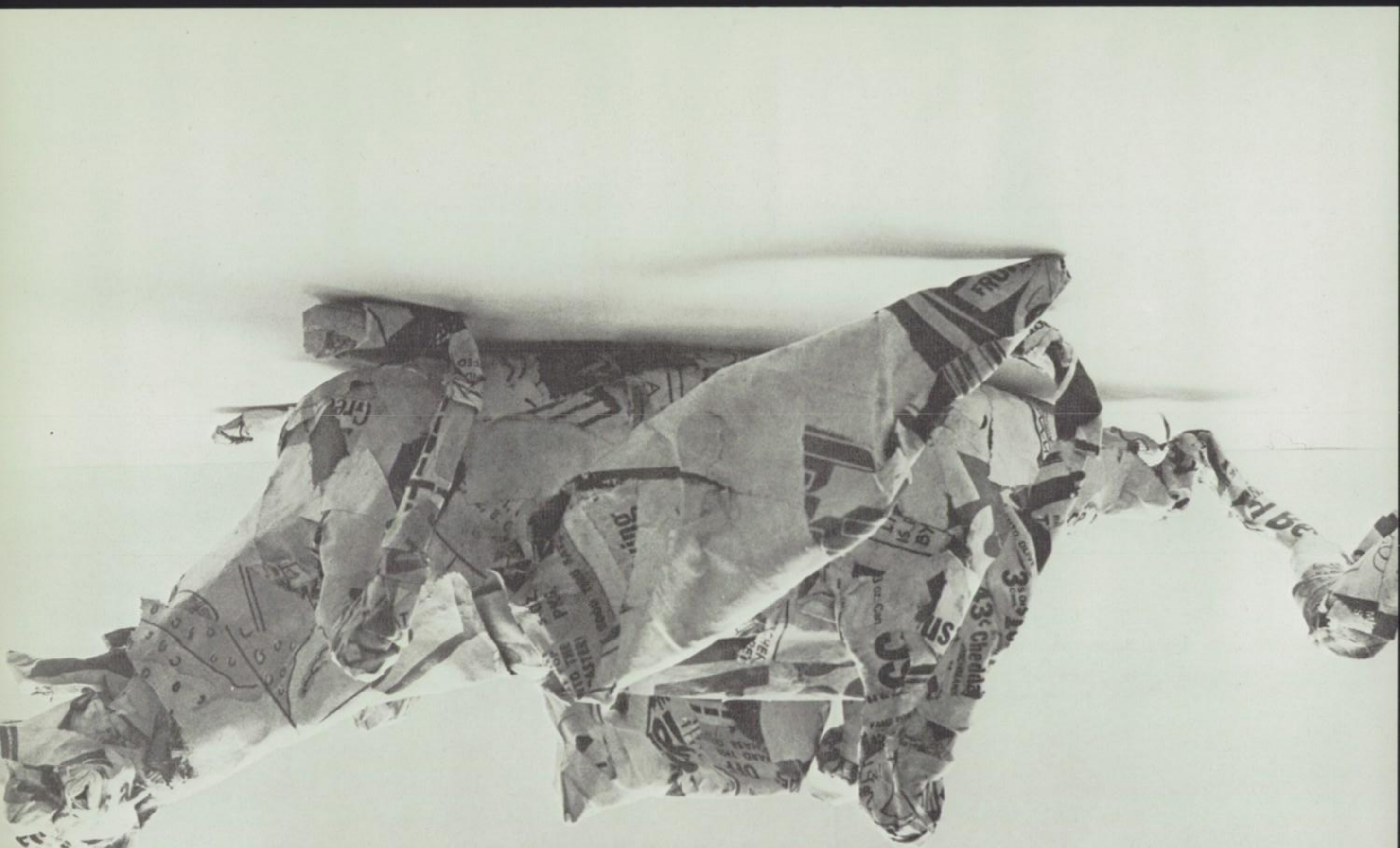
7th Grade

Sitting—First Row: Gerry Kenworthy Josh Rothman Billy Kimmlman David Kerscher Jon Handwork Nancy Nunn Karen Kuehnle Second Row: Carol Provonsha Becky Swaney Therese Joseph Peggy Ball Carrie Orser Nina Morais Martha Vogel Standing: Ben Shimp Joe Kasle Eric Blanchard Tim Bond Swift Corwin Cricket Kirchmaer Marc Schlatter Bill Getman Tony Armstrong Chuck Hart Mark Berlacher Patti Dickey Brad Stone Quinn McCord Craig Joseph Ellen Kock Lock McKelvy Chris Johnson Dean Kasperzak Diane Thomas Martha Russell David Reams Missing: Bill Brady Reina Calderon Linda DuPuis Joel Kelson



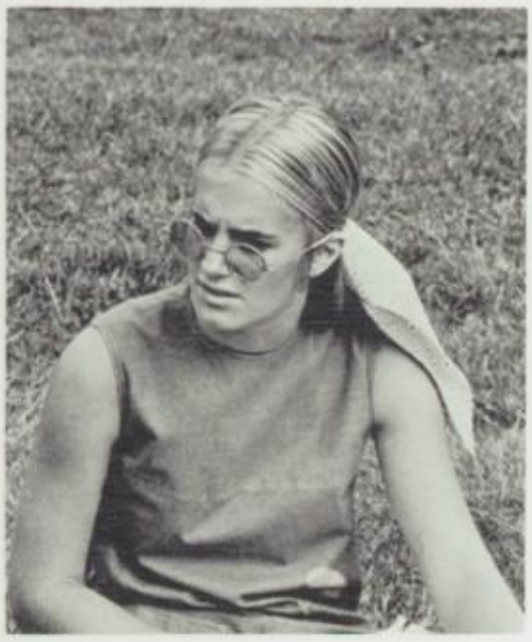
8th Grade

Sitting: Roberta Pei Kim Swirbul Judy Webb Marty Treu Chip Fauver Tom Kine Sitting in Chairs: Terry Snyder Blanch Calderson Ann Fago Debbie Frable Pennie Swolsky Jenny Eyster Claudia Bigelow Jeffrey Cannon Peter Willey John Howard Sitting on Table: Pam Gertner Phil Griffin Jimbo Davis (kneeling) Beth Perkins Freddi Wolfe Melanie Davis Lisa Joyce Libby Husted Debbie Dana Randy Samborn Mandy Rice Gregg Neithercut Stu Cubbon Charley Settles (hands in pockets) Standing on Tables: Jenny Boss Christine Nazar Peter Lynch David Turin Joe Kerscher Mike Boeschenstein Brian Radecki Nick Moulopoilos Ron Roshe Missing: Greg Anderson Bob Bemis Donal Hummer Wolfi Mann Aaron Nasatir Mike Perlmutter Kathy Williams



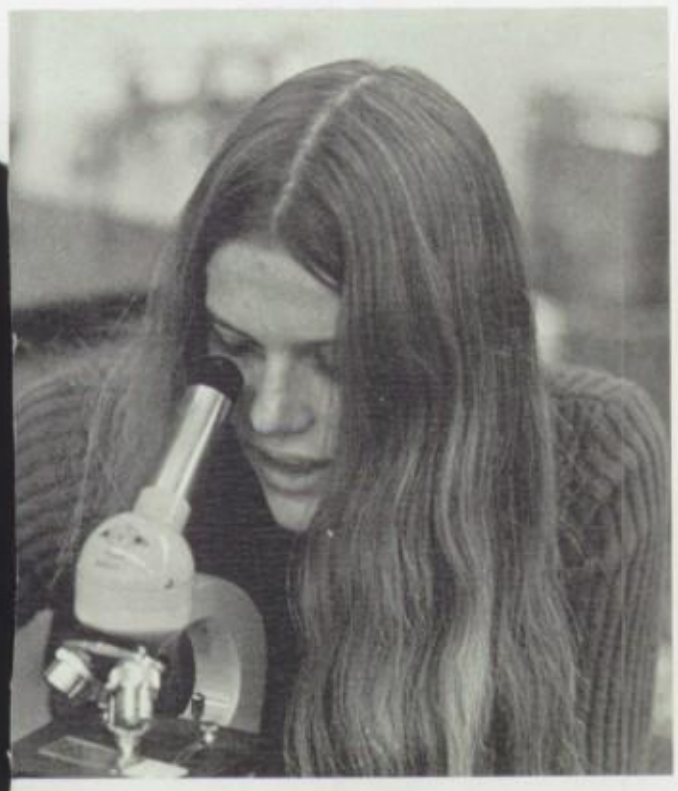
9th Grade

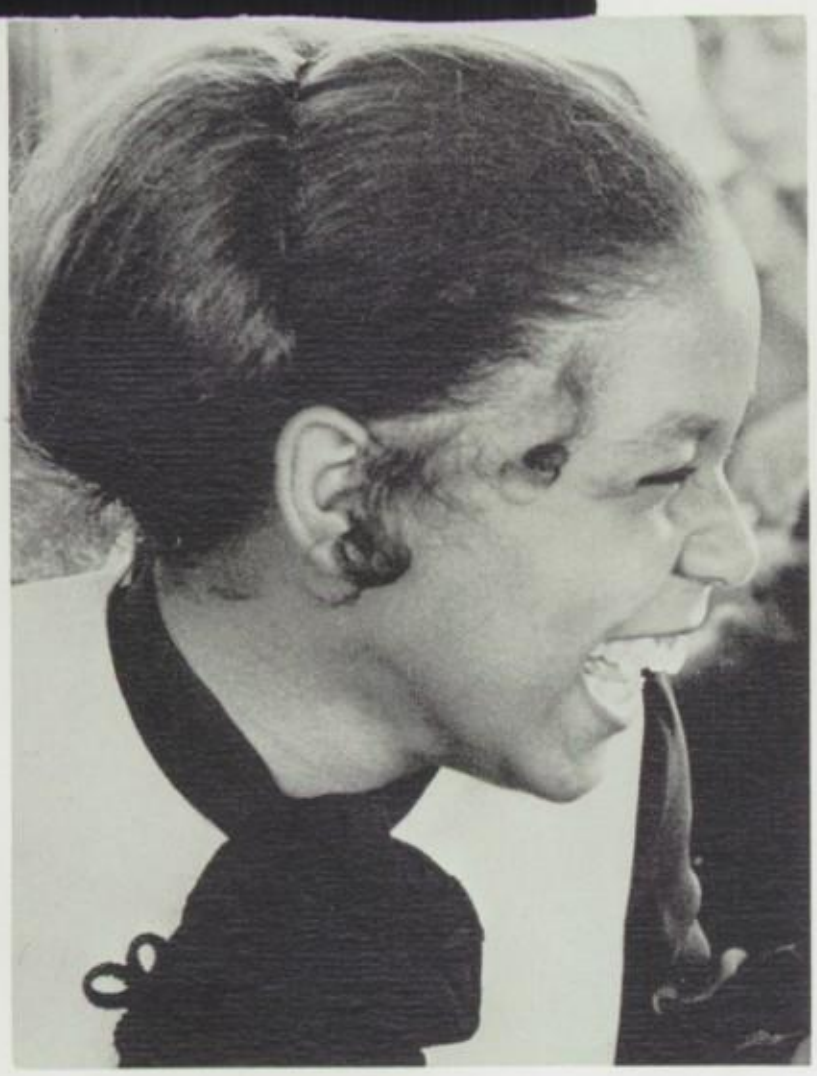
Sitting—First Row: Bruce Forni Lynn Rowley Laurie Berlacher Pam Armstrong Carol Taylor Second Row: Marjorie Limbert Michelle Tremblay Anne Kaplin Laura Wade Caroline MacNichol Cathy Fichthorn Cindy Wright Anne Secor Standing—First Row: Tom Blaser Tenley Galbraith Shelly Shultz Lisa Wolfe Hank Cobau Bill Cubbon Jim Parks Marc Raymond Mike Boyd Second Row: Andy Kasle Niel Saunders Ben Blakney Nancy Vogel Brad Joseph Jay Hairston Bob Schafer Missing: Trent Amond Kim Biebesheimer Chris Williams



10th Grade

First Row: Colin Cordova Lesley Gill Mary Klotz Irene Bick Shelley Linver Laurel McAlphine Leigh McAlphine Deede DeLay Second Row: Willey Russell Mike Baron Phil Meister Herb Kurek Frank Jarvis Julie Green Greg Shibley Bruce Olsen Jim Jones Steve Rothschild Third Row: John Whitbeck Dave Ninneman Justin Locke Lionel Miller Lance Thompson Ed Joseph Butch Gandy Grid Glyer Fourth Row: Jamie Black Laura Swaney John Mason Tom Waltz Joel Kasperzak Eric Coffman Don Palmer Whitney Blauvelt Fifth Row: Betsy Sabin Dave Osterman Jimmy Taylor Aaron Perlmutter Missing: Cathy Baer Randy Moore Mike Nix





PEPSI

11th Grade

Kneeling: Winfred McCreary Marc Meister Steve Christy Standing—First Row: Bob Berlacher Rick DeLamater Jamie Saunders Cyndi Rhuland Annette Wallace Betsi Meynardie Jan Cooke Dave Willey Debbie Roshe Bruce Baer Nancy Kistler Eric Beale Alain Wolfe Scott Miller Rick Roberts Sheila Moore Ozzie Joseph Mike Bond Benny DuBose Second Row:Doug McPherson Emery Dorfmeyer Kyle Cubbon Polly Stevens Peter Morais Judith Getman Betsey Davis Mike Zerner Paula Winbigler Cindy Saunders Gary Morgenroth Missing: Will Bemis Diane Bressler Art Hodge Paul Joseph Trina Joyce James McCampbell Steve Rayport Morris Smith Duane Stranahan Sarna Swolsky

12th Grade

Sue Anderson Pam Arnos Tony Baynard Debbie Biebesheimer Sue Blaser Rod Boldon Jeff Boss Marcy Bressler Elaine Couch Nancy Day Rick Dolgin John DuPuis Mark Edelstein Helene Giesecke Mark Gottfried Tom Holland Pam Ingram Chris Joseph Julian Kaplin Tom Kasle Paul Liebrecht Roland MacNichol Fraser McAlphine Mark Mennel Ellen Morris Don O'Desky Luke Osterman Tom Pranschke Rich Pyle Lesley Reynolds Tom Roberts Cindy Rowley Dwight Scales Forrest Schofield Gail Sullivan Bob Sullwold Allyne Swaney Jim Thompson Jon Tischler Tony Valentine Martha Lee Vinnedge Carol Whitbeck Phil Williams Randy Williams Dave Winbigler Randy Zachman

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Mrs. James Russell Mr. Charles Lundholm

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Mrs. James Russell Mr. Charles Lundholm

History Department: Mr. Larry Brown Dr. James Russell Mrs. Robert Meynardie Mr. George Chapman

Math Department: Mr. Albert Getman Mr. Joseph Coolidge
Missing: Mr. Al Pollock, Mr. Tom Deupree

Mrs. John Pfleghaar

Mrs. James Simmons

Mrs. Donald Crumbaker

Mrs. Gordon Umaki

Mr. John Willis Mr. Sonny Van Shaw

Della Harrison Getrude Pfeffer Dorris Gorsuch Isabel Gorsuch Neomia Powell

Mr. Kenneth Hoffman Mrs. William Boss Mr. Richard Nuzum

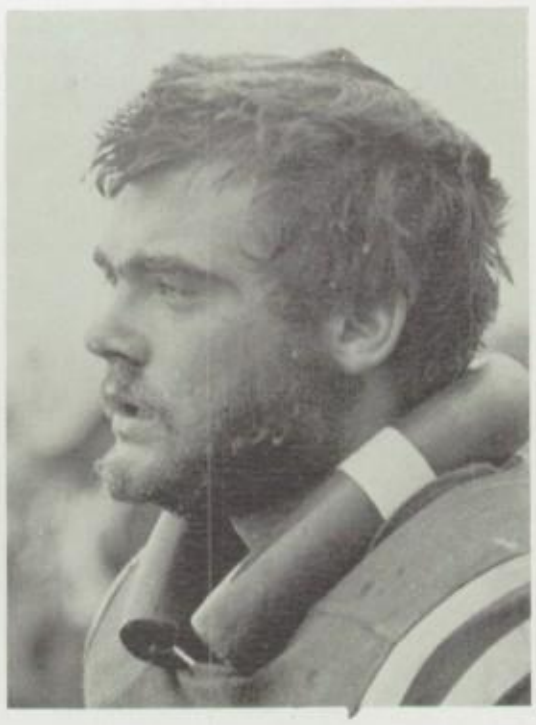
Mrs. Charles Lundholm Miss Nancy McMaster Mrs. Quinn McCord Mrs. Sharon Coffin
Mrs. Robert King Mrs. Peter Stephenson

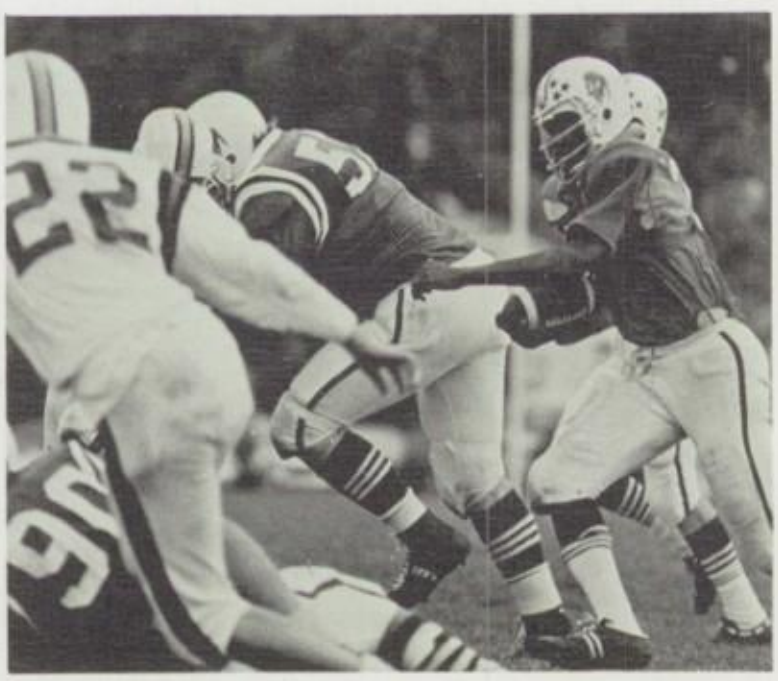
Mr. Quinn McCord Mrs. Anthony Baynard Mr. Christian Viviani

VM

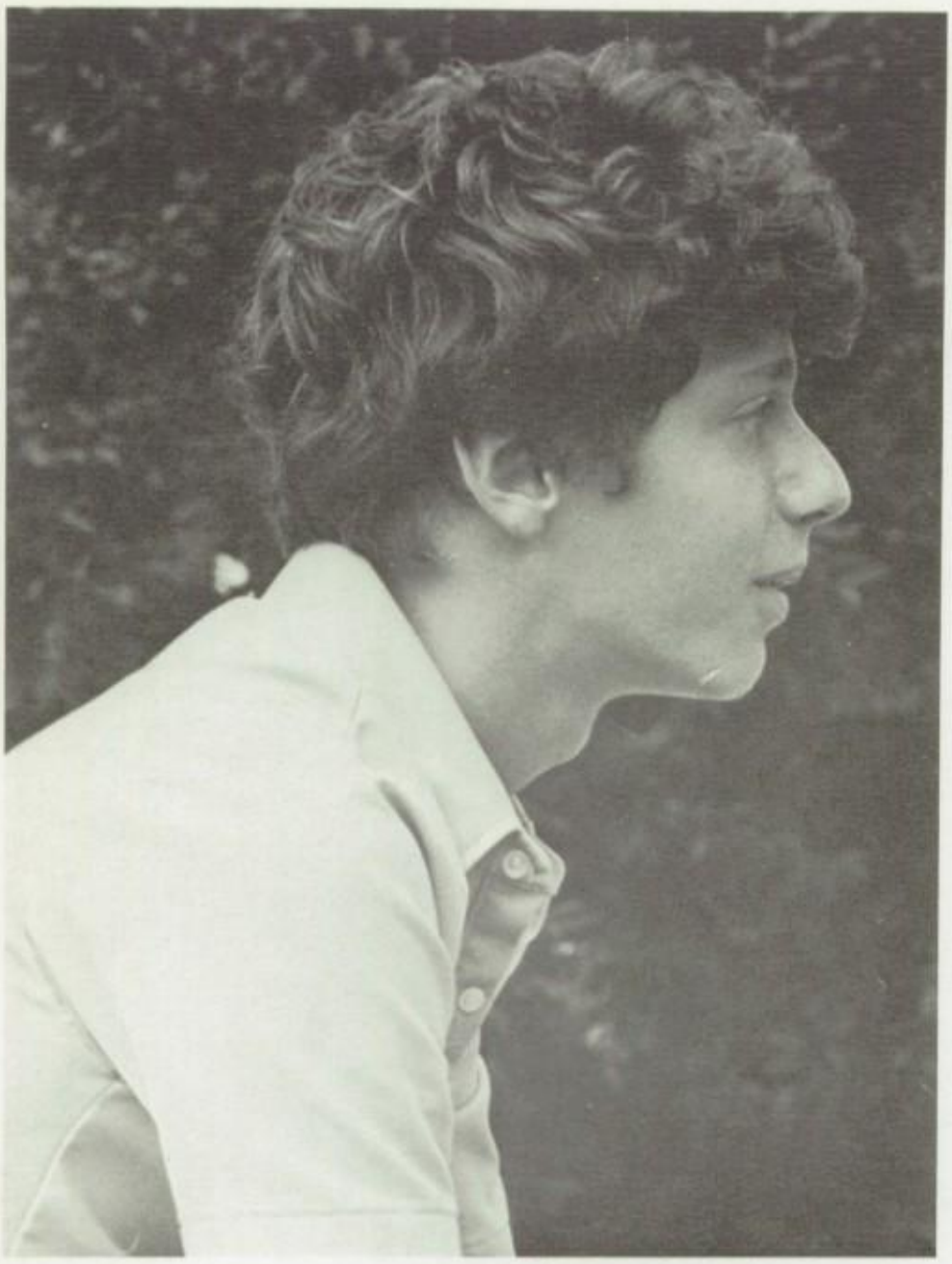
SPORTS

Football

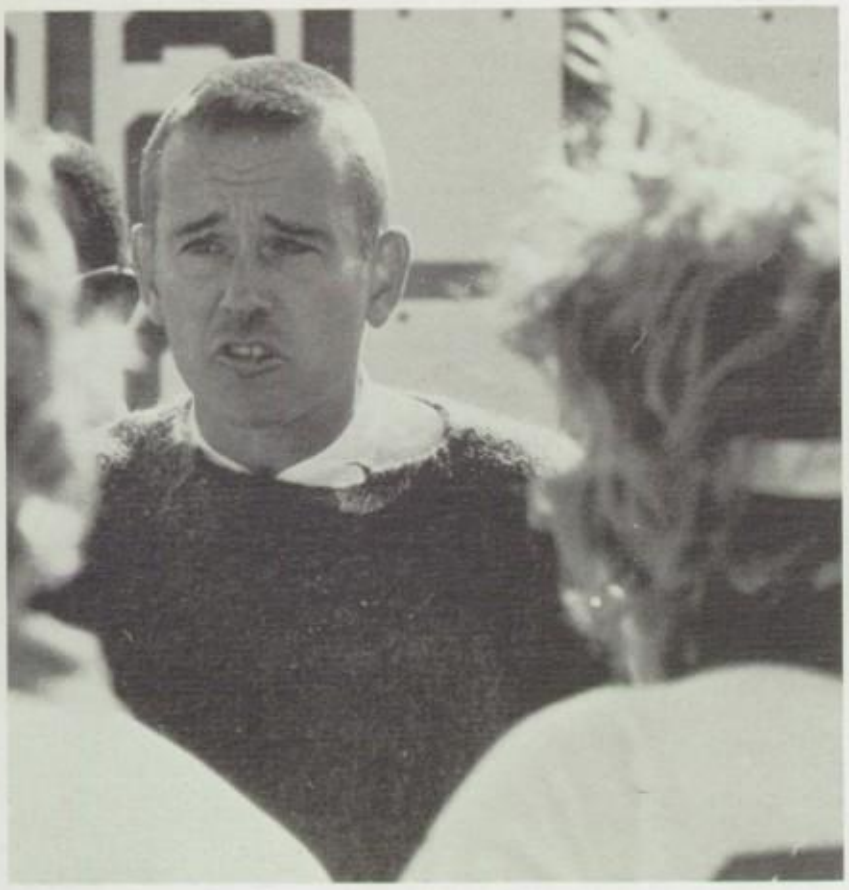




Maumee Valley	40	Deerfield	0
Maumee Valley	14	Danbury	6
Maumee Valley	38	Antwerp	2
Maumee Valley	26	Summerfield	0
Maumee Valley	0	University Liggett	0
Maumee Valley	20	Patrick Henry	20
Maumee Valley	28	Hawken	28
Maumee Valley	66	Hilltop	8

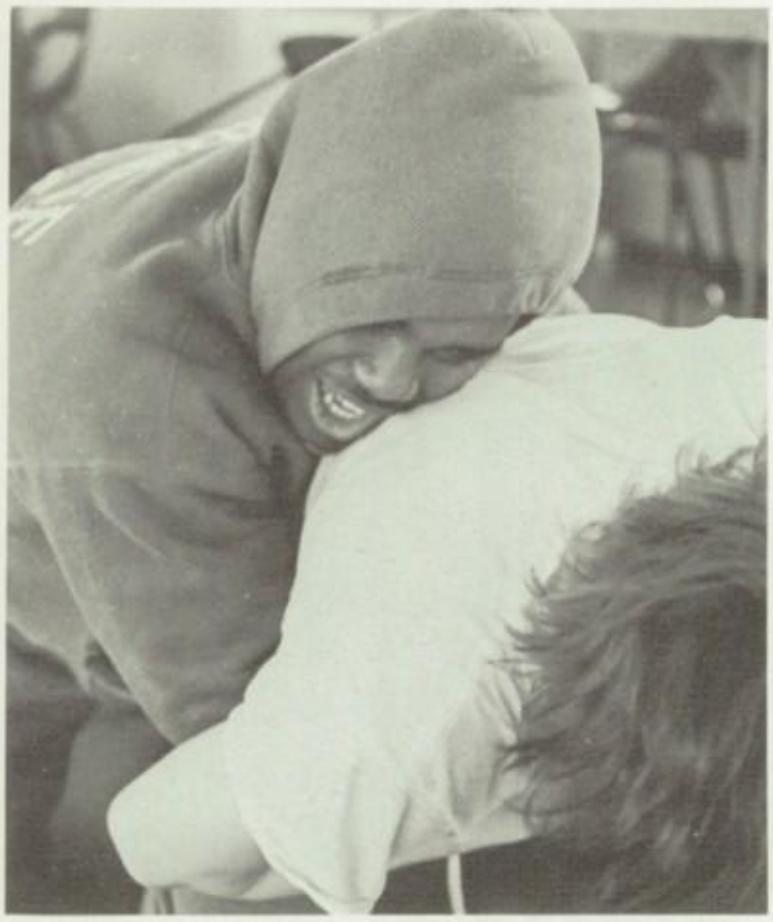


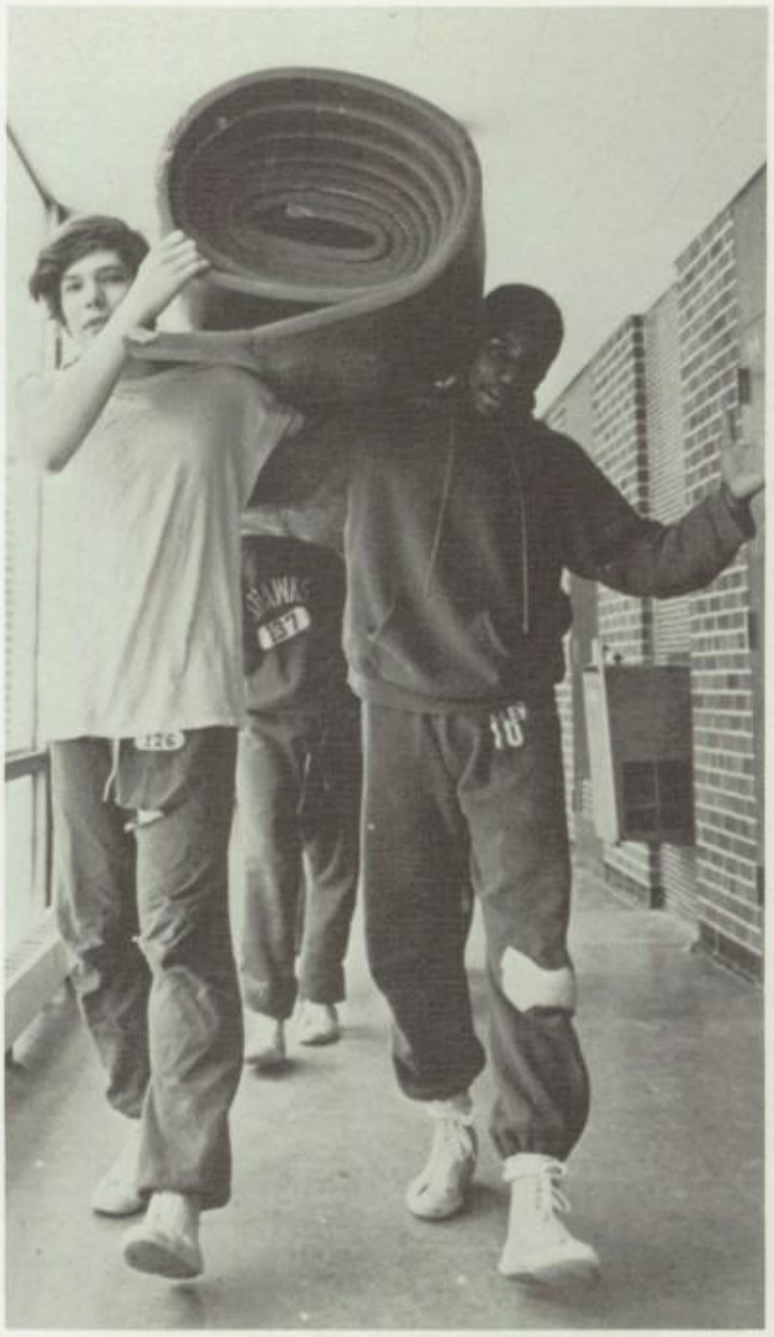
Soccer

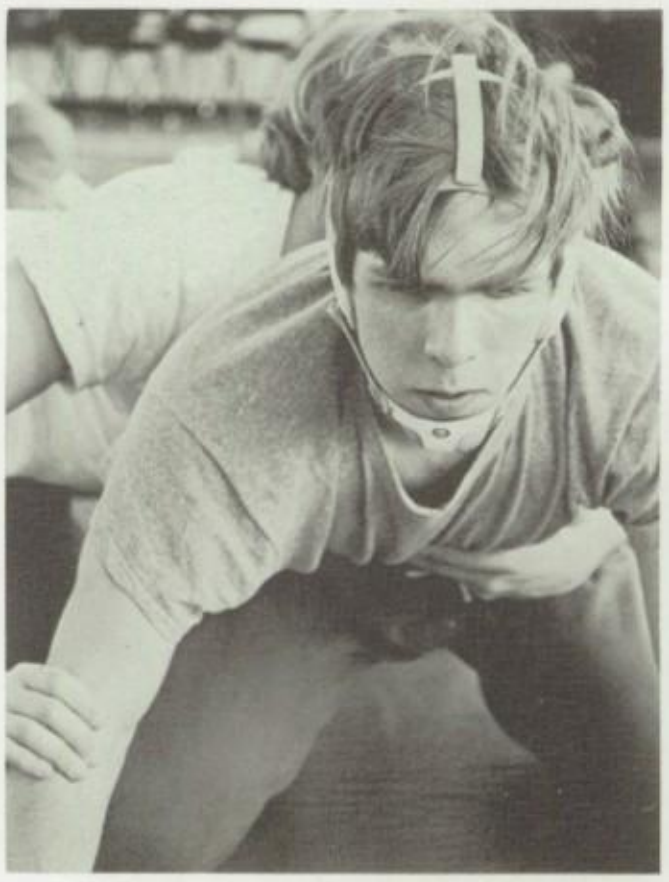


Basketball

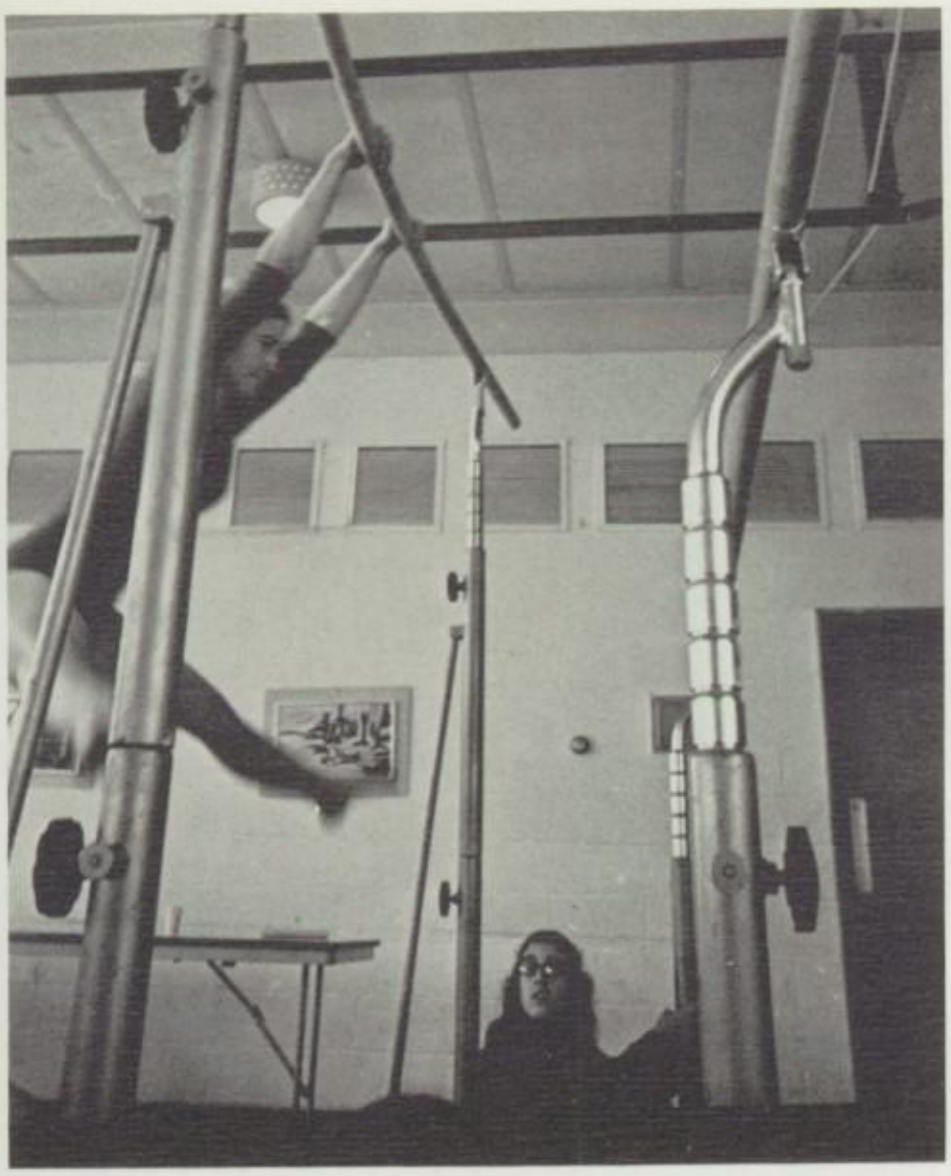
M. V. C. D. S.	73	Divine Word	39
Hawken	60	Hawken	68
Tourney	55	Western Reserve	84
	73	Summerfield	53
	66	Britton	58
Park	55	LaLumiere	54
Tourney	85	Evansville C.D.S.	53
	81	Summerfield	72
	82	Lake Ridge	60
	61	G.P.U.L.	71
	74	Britton	51
	79	Lake Ridge	64
	74	Hawken	70
	79	Divine Word	46
	76	Deerfield	48
	54	G.P.U.L.	58
	58	Deerfield	51
M.V.	71	Park	42
Tourney	70	Hawken	71

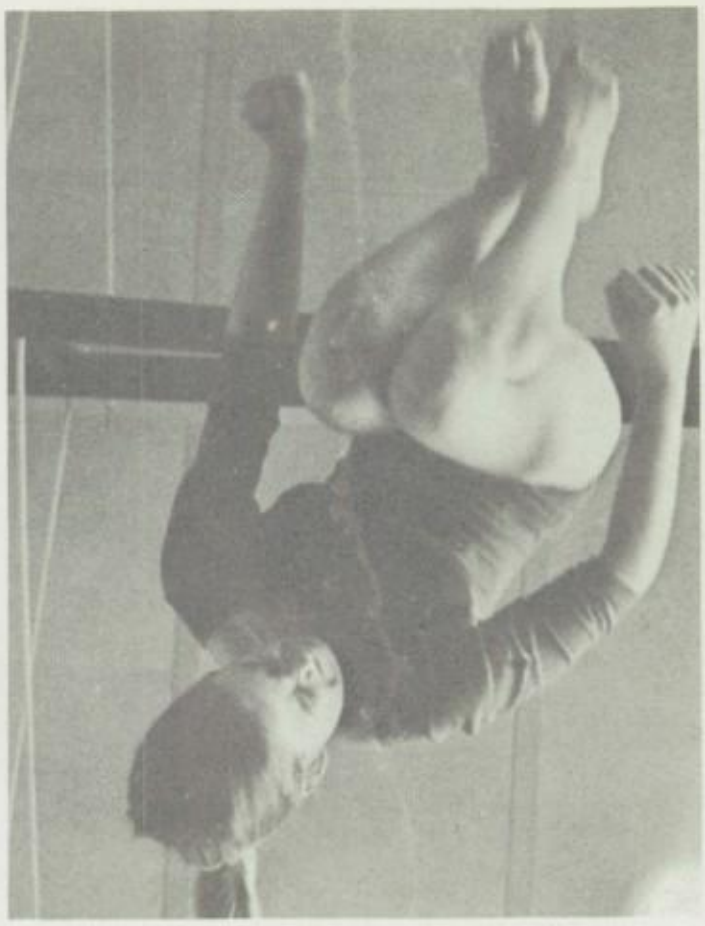






Wrestling





Gymnastics

7th and 8th grade Football

8th grade Basketball

MVCDS	36	Divine Word	23
JV	49	Summerfield	33
	47	Britton	48
	47	Summerfield	46
	29	Lake Ridge	22
	61	GPUL	64
	34	Britton	35
	38	Lake Ridge	23
	29	Hawken	51
	47	Divine Word	28
	57	GPUL	56
	58	Deerfield	48
	53	Deerfield	28
	51	Greenhills	41

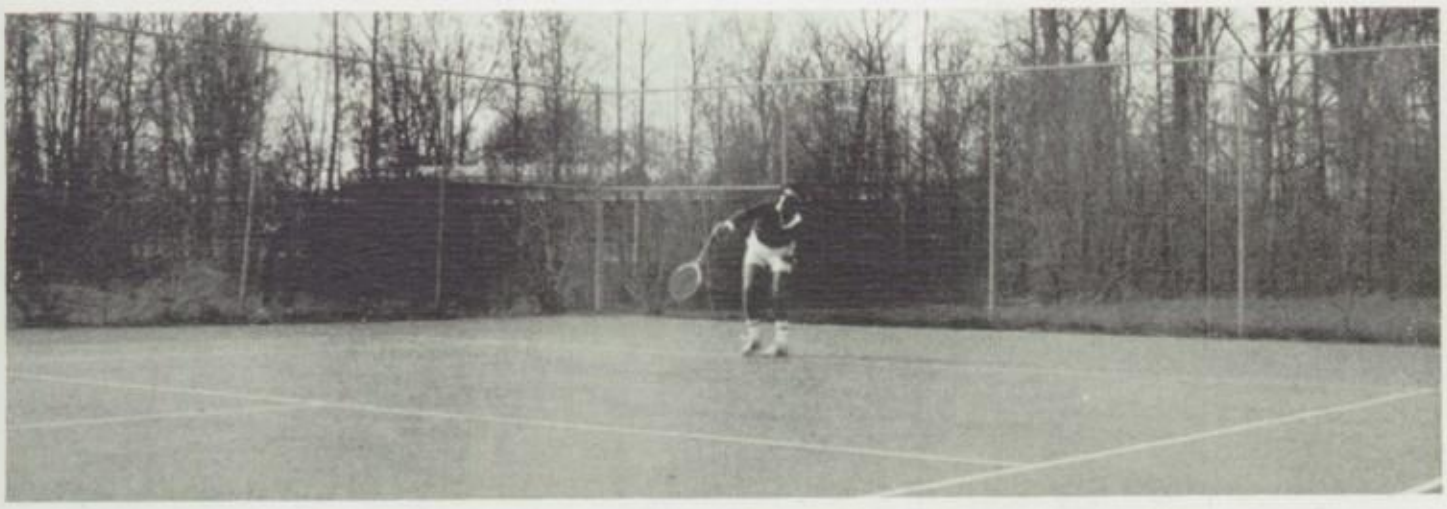
Record 10-4

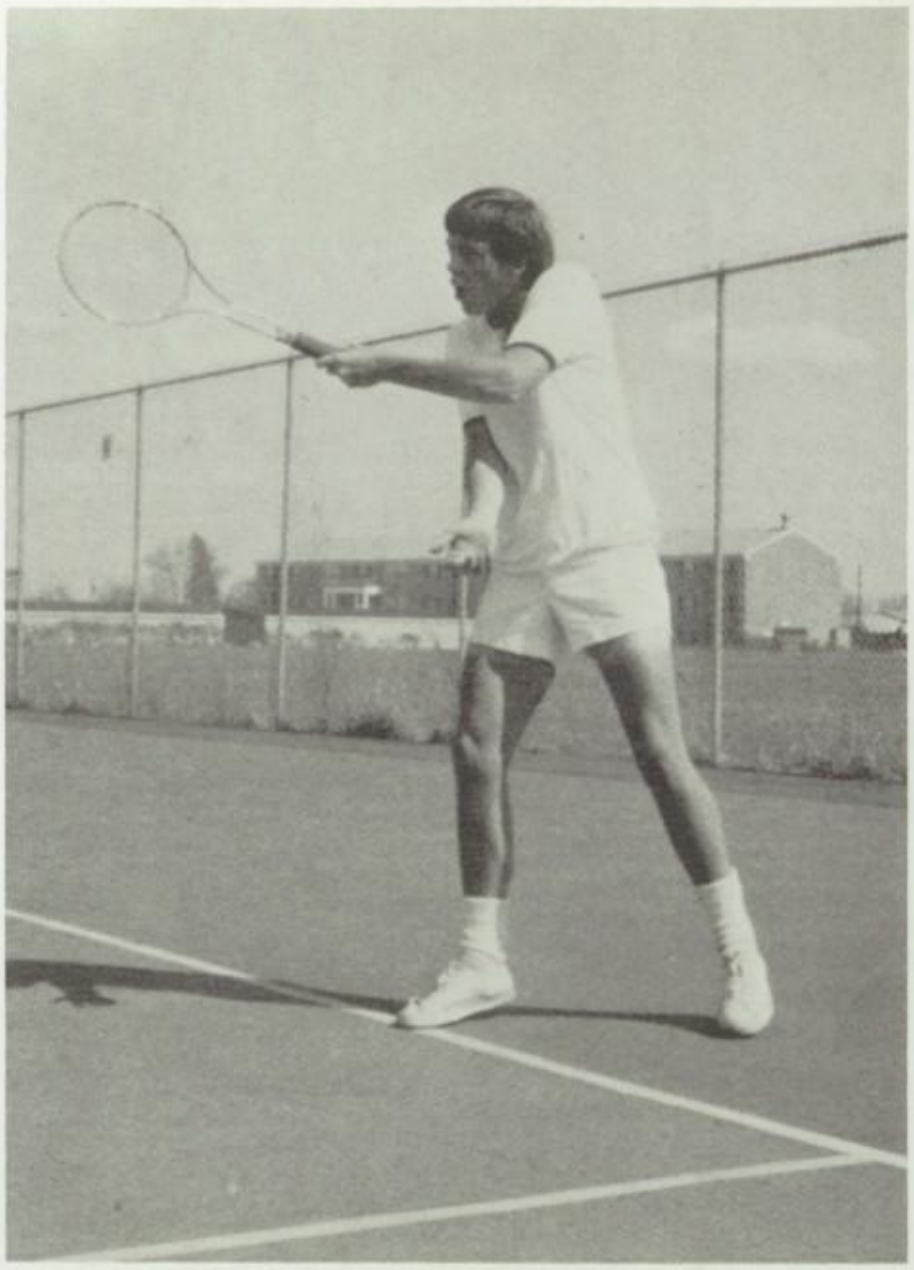
3 of the 4 looses by a total of 5 points.
High scorers were Gandy and Joseph.
Highlight was defeat of GPUL.

7th grade Basketball

MVCDS	27	Lake Ridge	8
	28	Springfield	33
	24	Grand Rapids	16
	23	Springfield	37
	51	Otsego	30
	38	Metamora	19
	53	Otsego	22
	39	Evergreen	22
	23	Canton (8)	57
	49	Wheeling (8)	38

Spring Sports

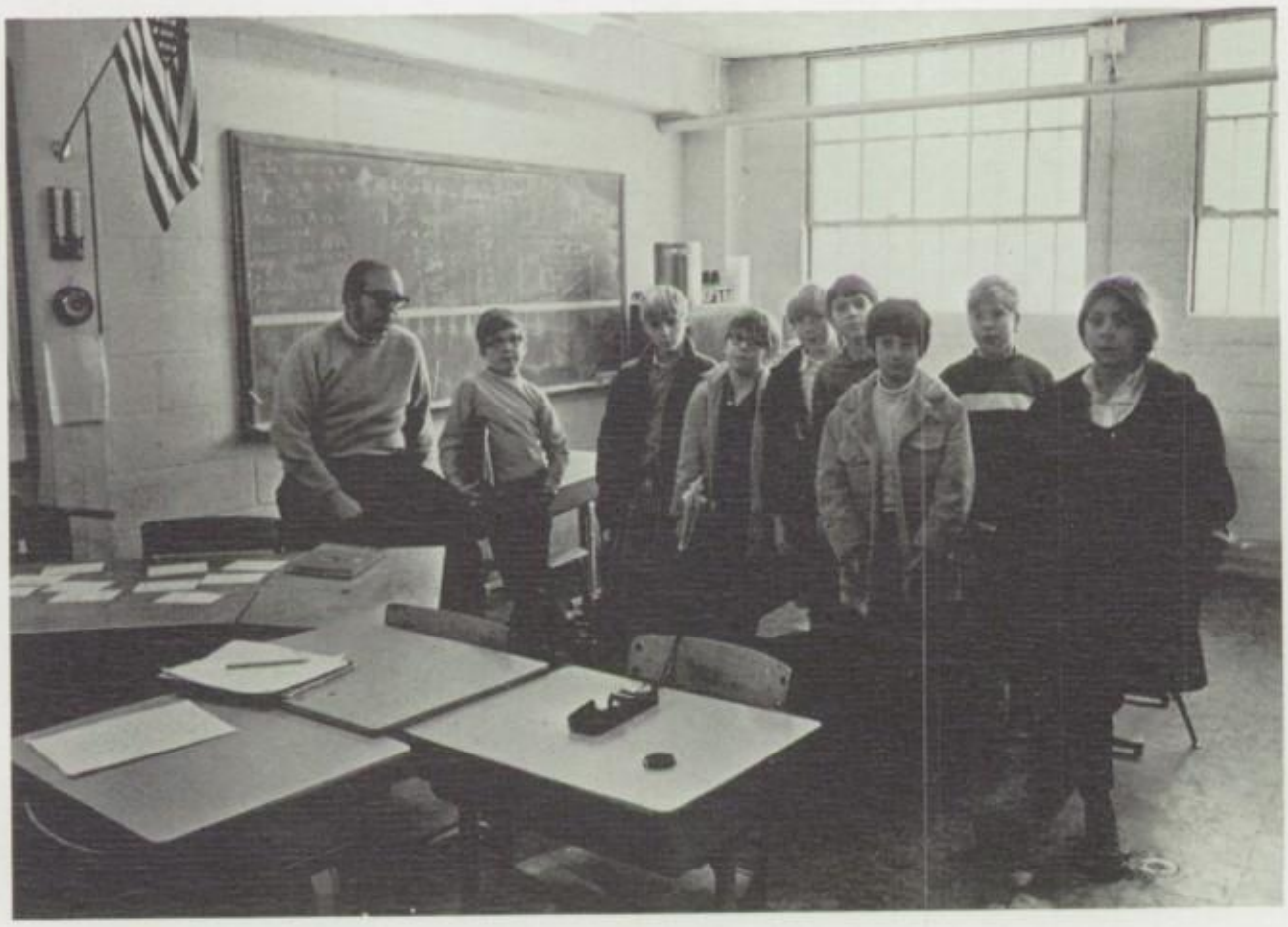




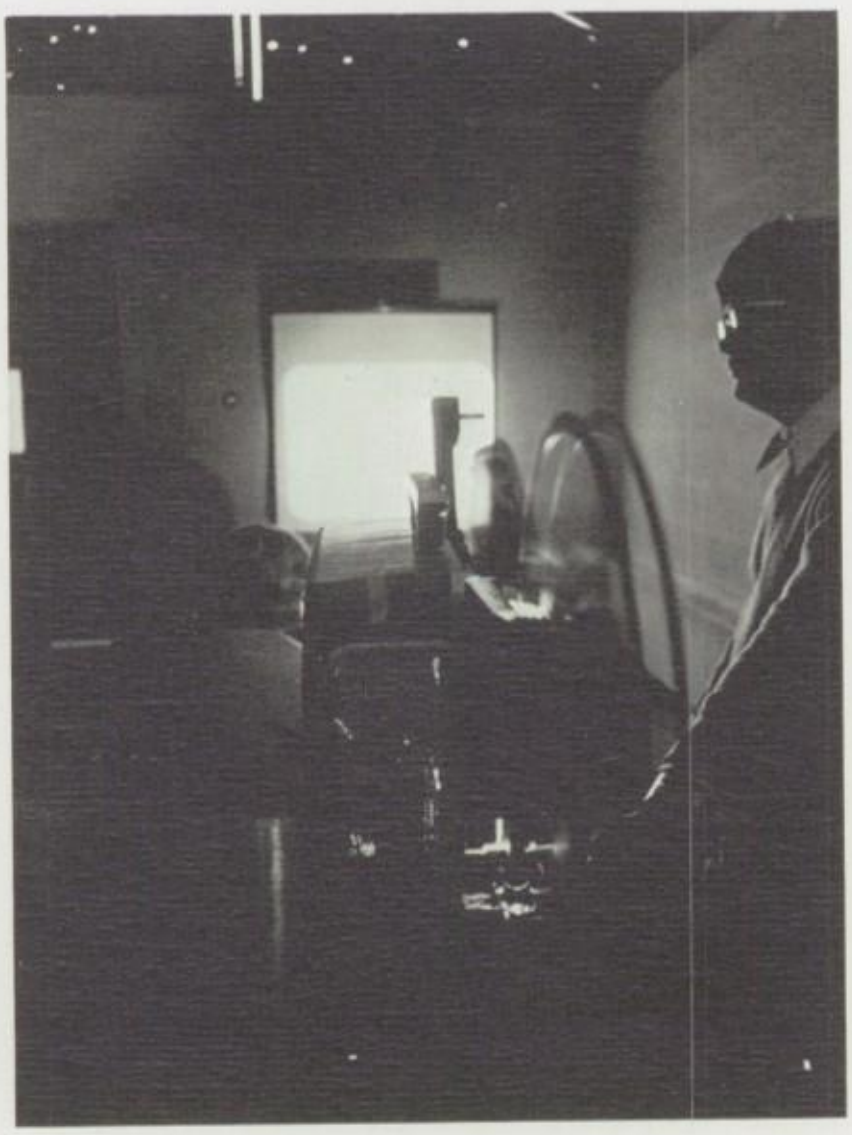
Middle School Track / Baseball

Clubs

Photo Club



Film Club



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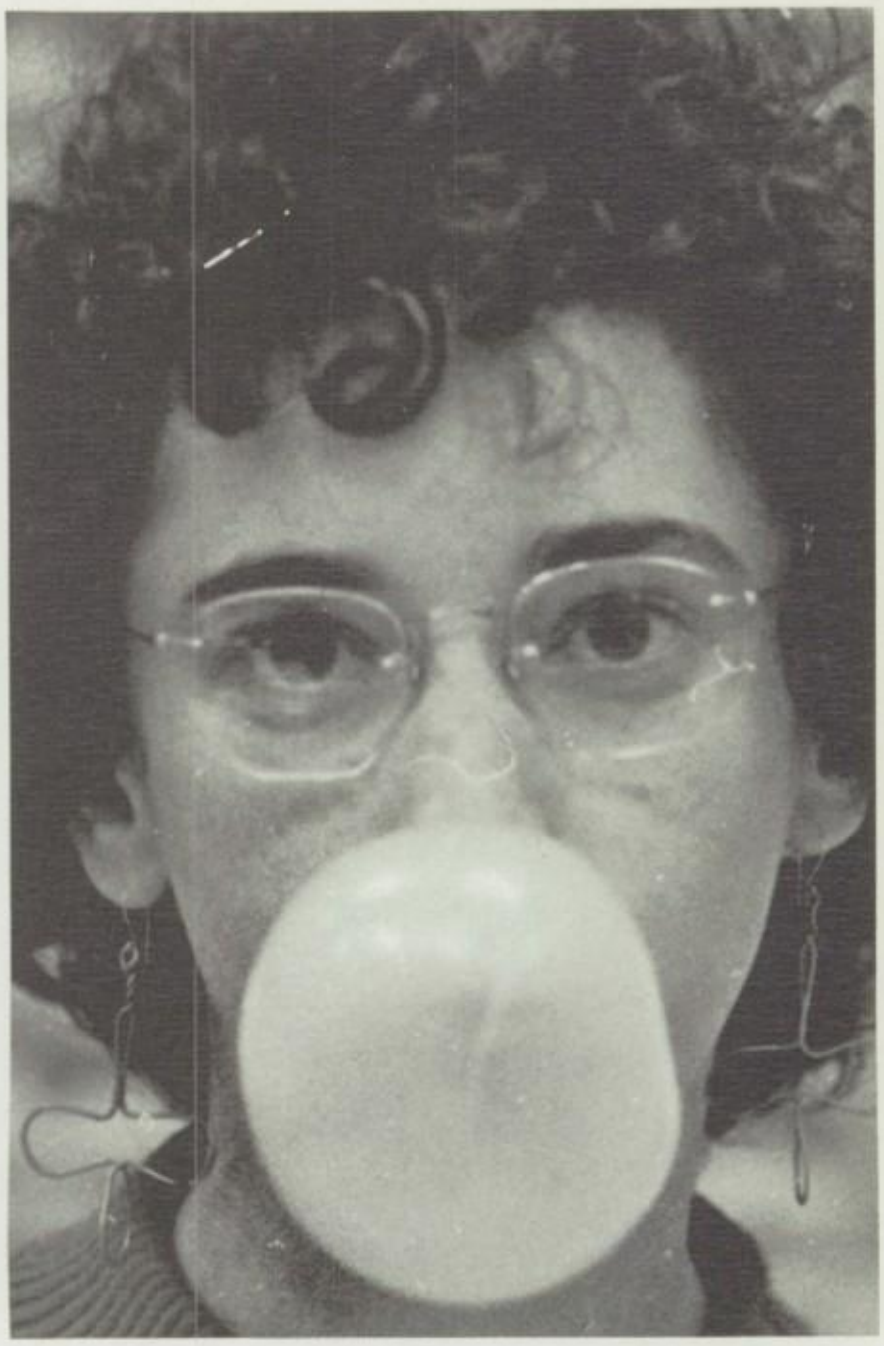

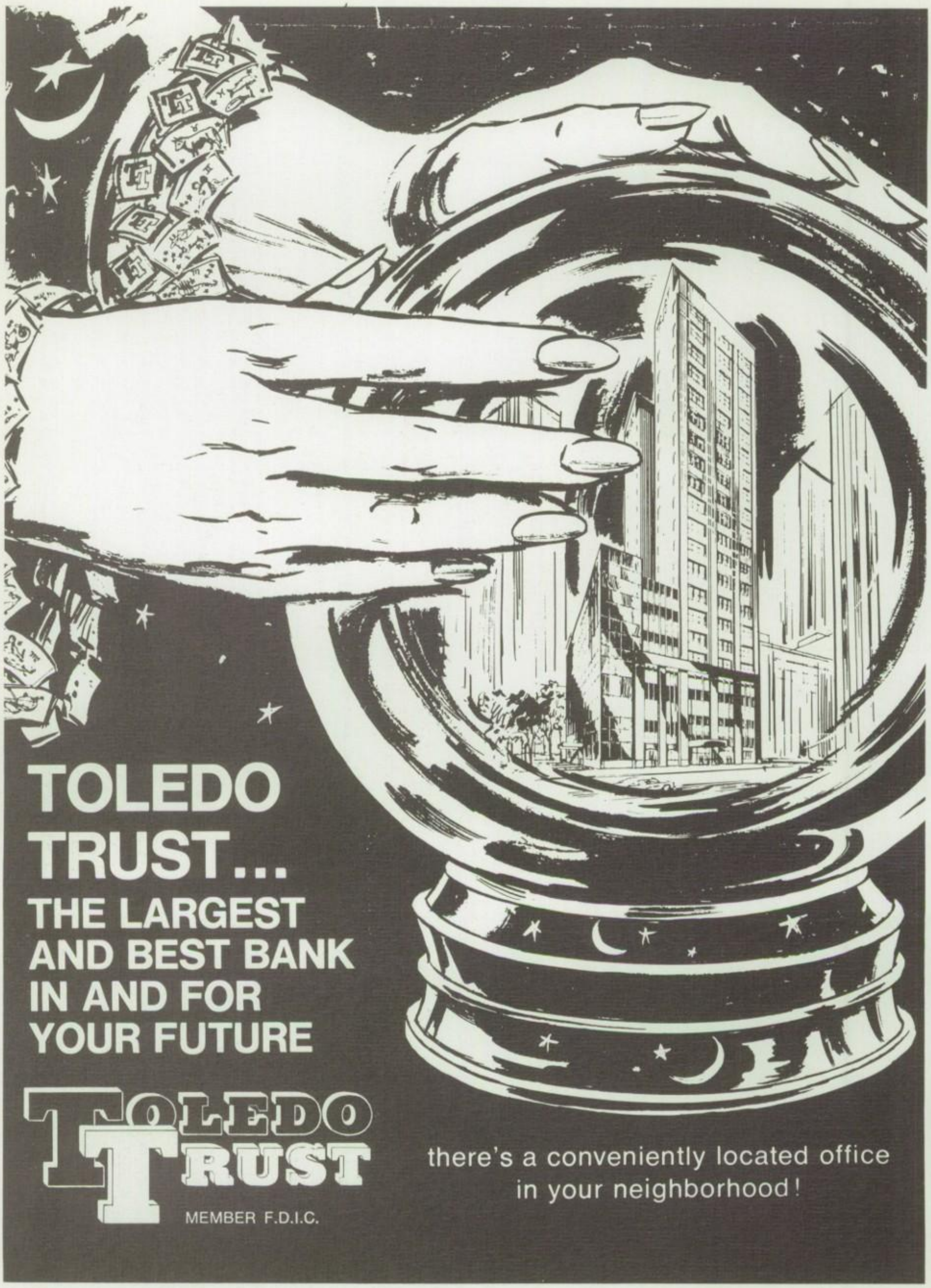
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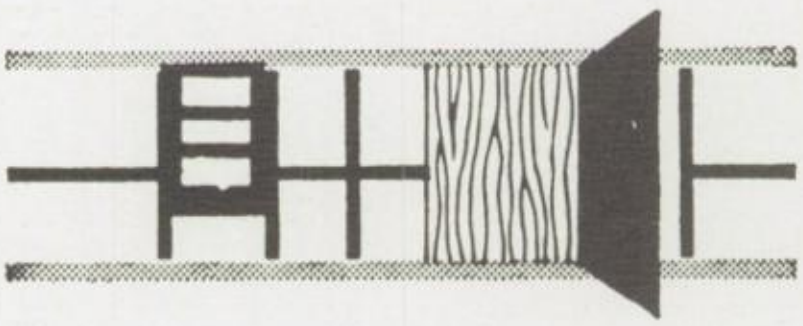

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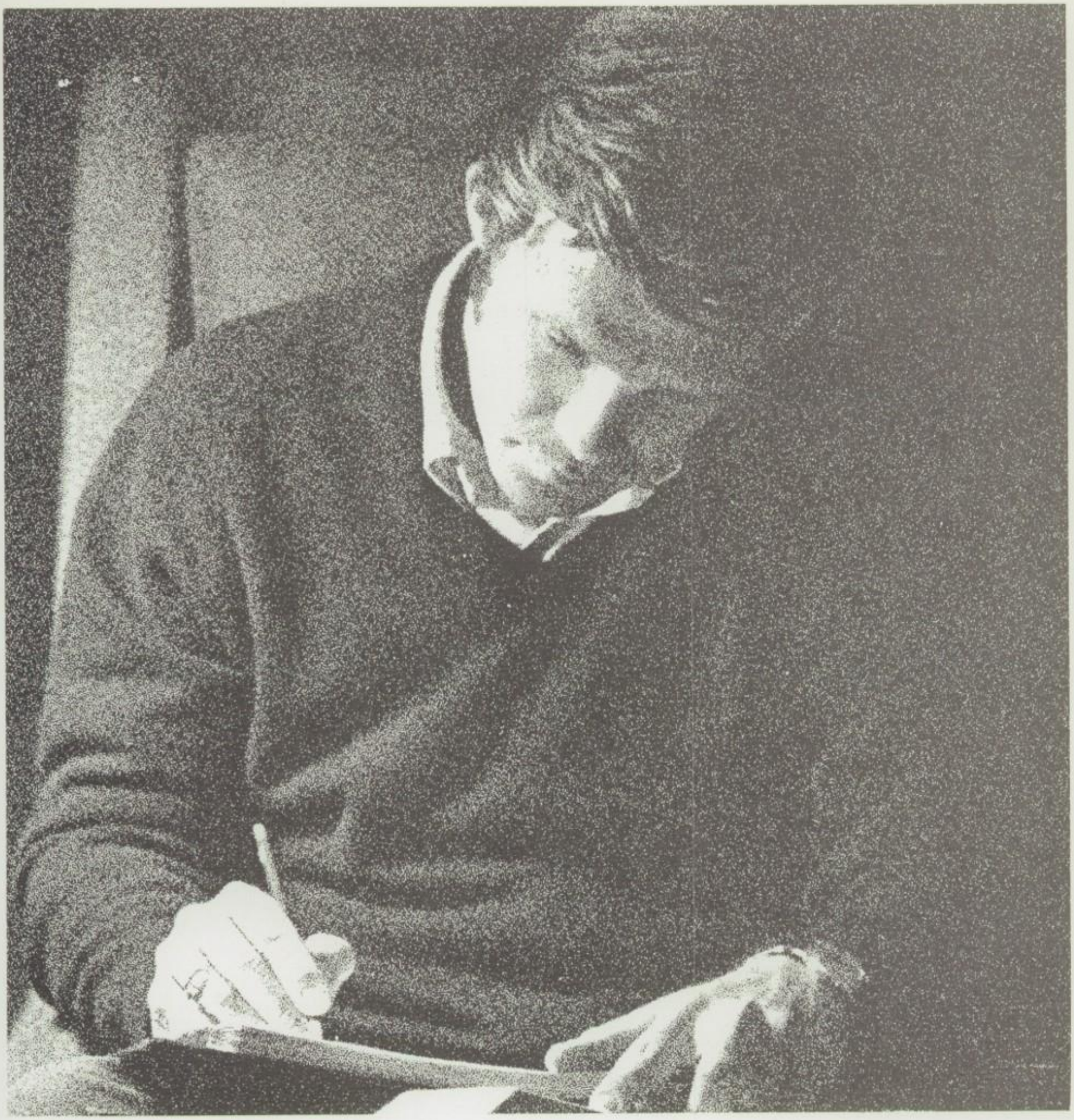

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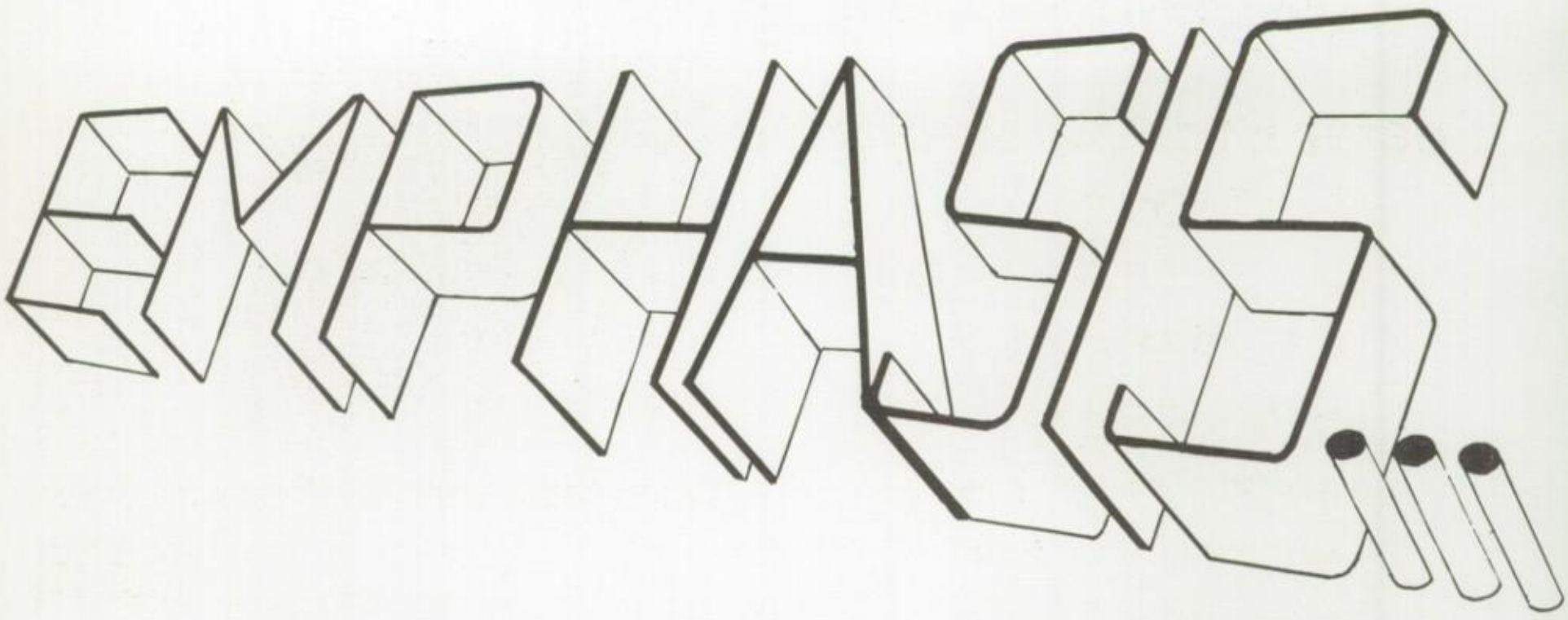

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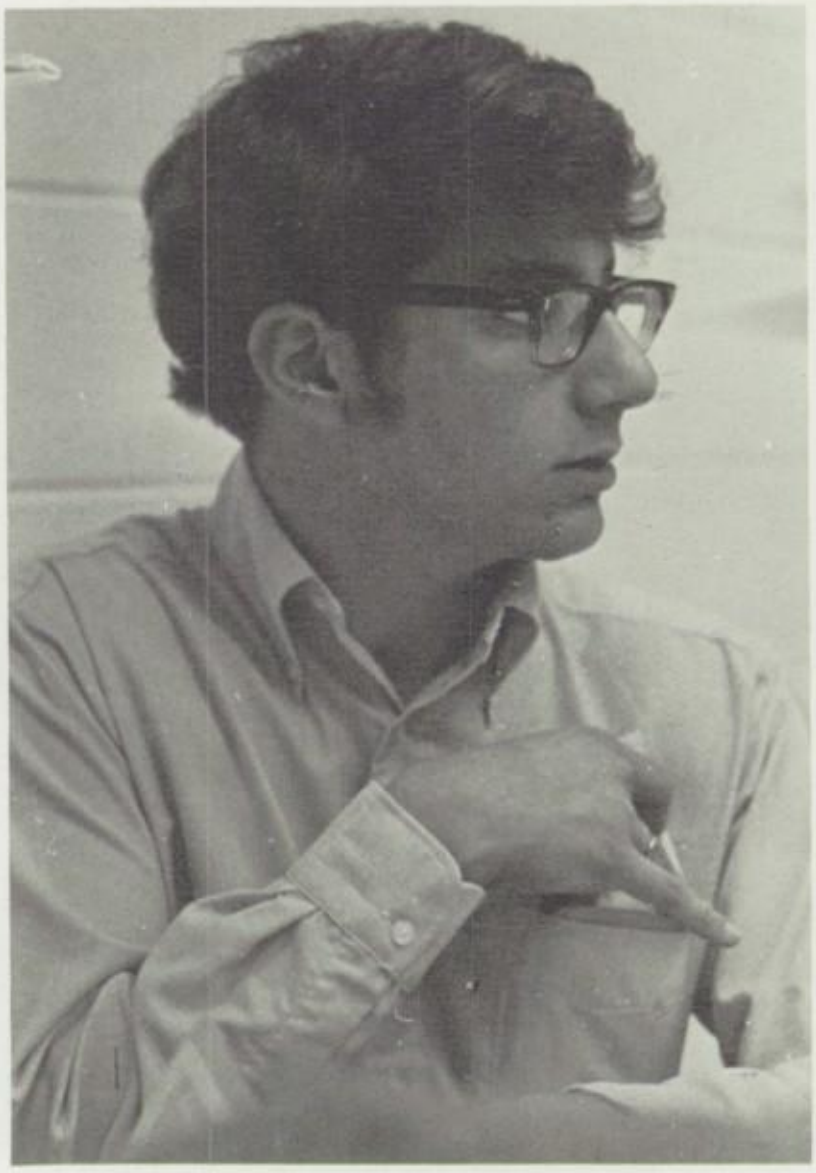

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em·po·ri·um (em·pôr′ē·əm) n. trading place, mart pertaining to trade, commerce. 1. a place of commerce; trading center; market place; a place of business that serves customers. 2. **a dress shop in Waterville.**

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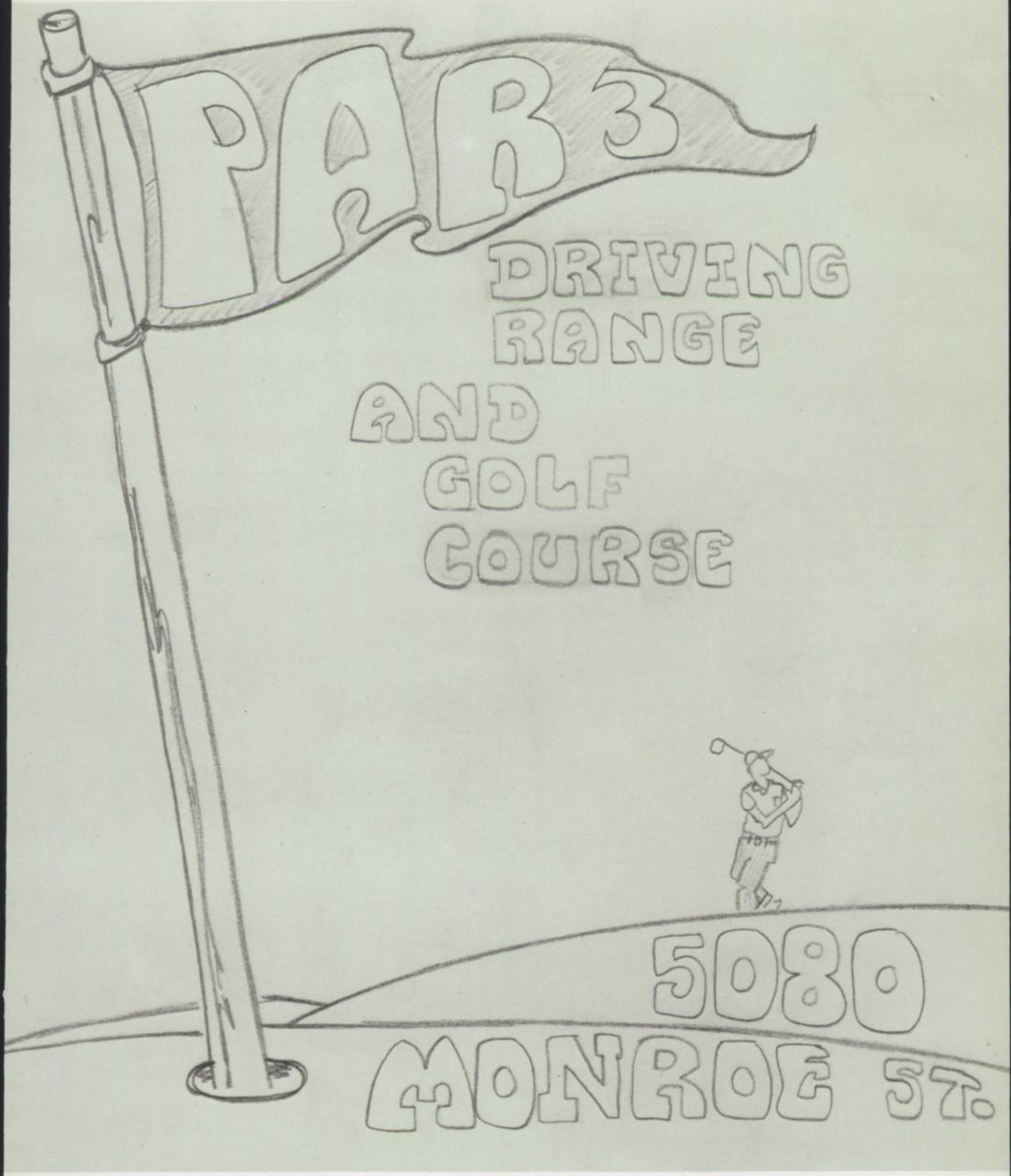
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And forget not that the earth delights to
feel your bare feet and the winds long to
play with your hair.

Kahlil Gibran

One morning, while lying in my bed, I looked around my room. Out the window, I could see a big pine tree and next to the window, a pile of books. My chair in the corner was covered with records. Next to the chair was a table with a lion under it. Everything was silent except for the scratching of my fountain pen. But there was no doubt about it. It was the Big Ben (clock) which broke the silence with its louder than average ticking and its dainty little chimes which drive me crazy every time it rings.

Now, next to my clock on a chair, there sits a glass of ginger ale. In the ginger ale, way down at the bottom, there sits but one bubble, not 986, 456, 123, 564, only one bubble. Though you may think otherwise, this is not any old bubble. It is a super small high quality bubble created by the famous and artistic Canada Dry Inc.! Inside the bubble is the famous and Artistic Canada Dry Inc. Someone had turned on too much carbonation and the whole company was bubbled, bottled and sold. Since they had been shrunken, they didn't get much business, because the biggest they could make bottles was ⅛ inch long. But that doesn't really matter, because I just swallowed the bubble anyway.

THE DOG THAT COULD NOT HOWL

Once upon a time there was a Fairy Dog Mother. She had long ears and she was a bassett hound. She was a Fairy Dog Mother to Charlie Bone, Jr. But Charlie Bone, Jr. Could not howl. But no one knew why so the fairy dog mother decided to help him. She said to Charlie Bone, Jr., "Go up to the mountains and there will be two Magic Bones. One will be shiny and one will be black. DO NOT BITE the black bone. Bite the shiny one."
So Charlie went up to the mountains. He found two bones. One black and one shiny. He bit the shiny one. But Charlie was curious so he bit the black one to see what would happen. Something strange happened. He became dizzy and stiff. Soon he fell unconscious. After an hour the fairy dog mother woke him up. She asked what happened. Charlie replied, "I ate both bones." The fairy dog mother said, "Try to howl." But he couldn't. Instead he barked. And when he barked a frog came out of his throat. The fairy dog mother said, "We'll have to do something about that." So the fairy dog mother took him to the Fairy dog Father. The Fairy Dog Father said, "Go to the sea at the dock. There will be a whale. Go down his throat. There will be a treasure of bones. Eat one of them and then the whale will take you to a far off place. You will remain there and you will be able to howl and bark without frogs coming out of your throat."
So Charlie did so. Yes, he's howling. But no one can hear him ever, ever again.

THE END

David White

Silence is a better means

for telegraphing thought

than any morse code yet made.

I wonder if you know

how many conversations

we've had so far

with no words passed.

I often think our silence

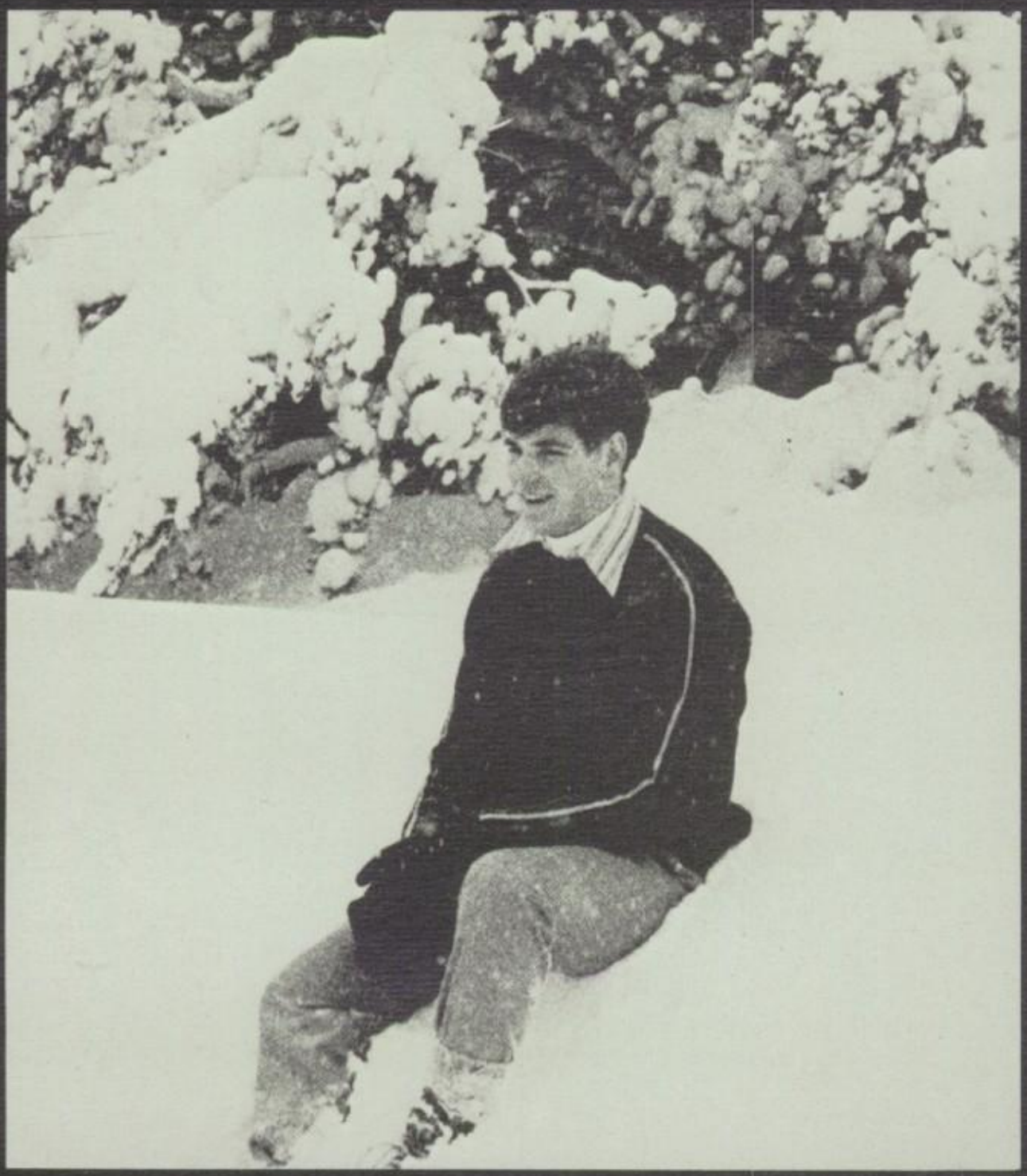
has enough energy to get us

to Monterey and back.

Rod McKuen

Fraser McAlpine

Nancy Day



DICK AND THE DILL DOGDUDS

Dick is a boy who has no brothers nor sisters so he has lots of dogs. So he went shopping with his mother and saw some new kind of dog food called "Dogduds". He gave his pink poodle one and he turned blue. A blue boxer turned pink. A pure white mutt turned into a multi-color mutt. Big Great Danes turned small. Chihuahuas turned Big. He went back to the store and shoved them in the storekeeper's mouth and he ran. The storekeeper turned into a dog.

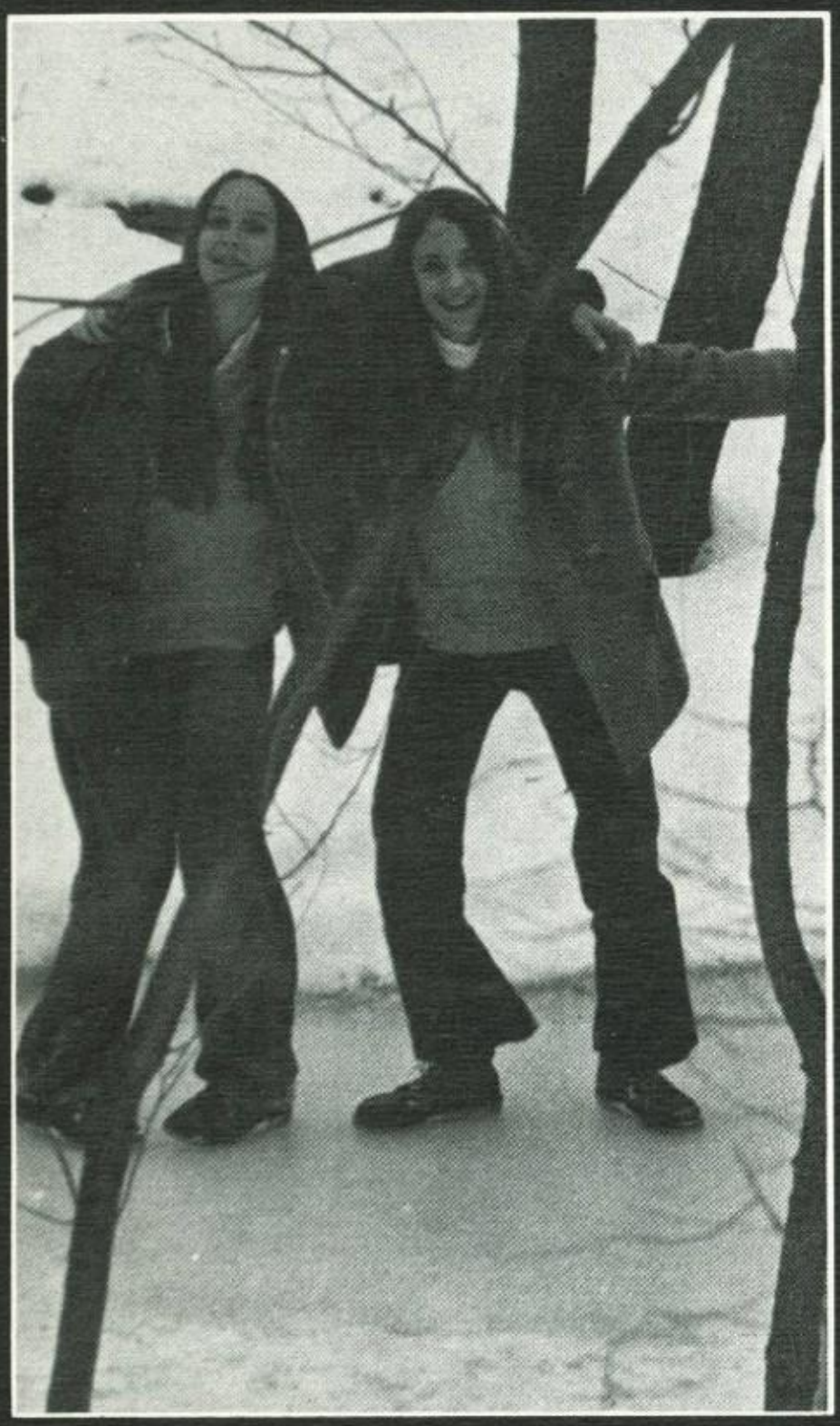
Brent Stone

Once there was a cougar who had babies born in March on Christmas when they were four years old Santa came to their home and filled their stockings with meat.

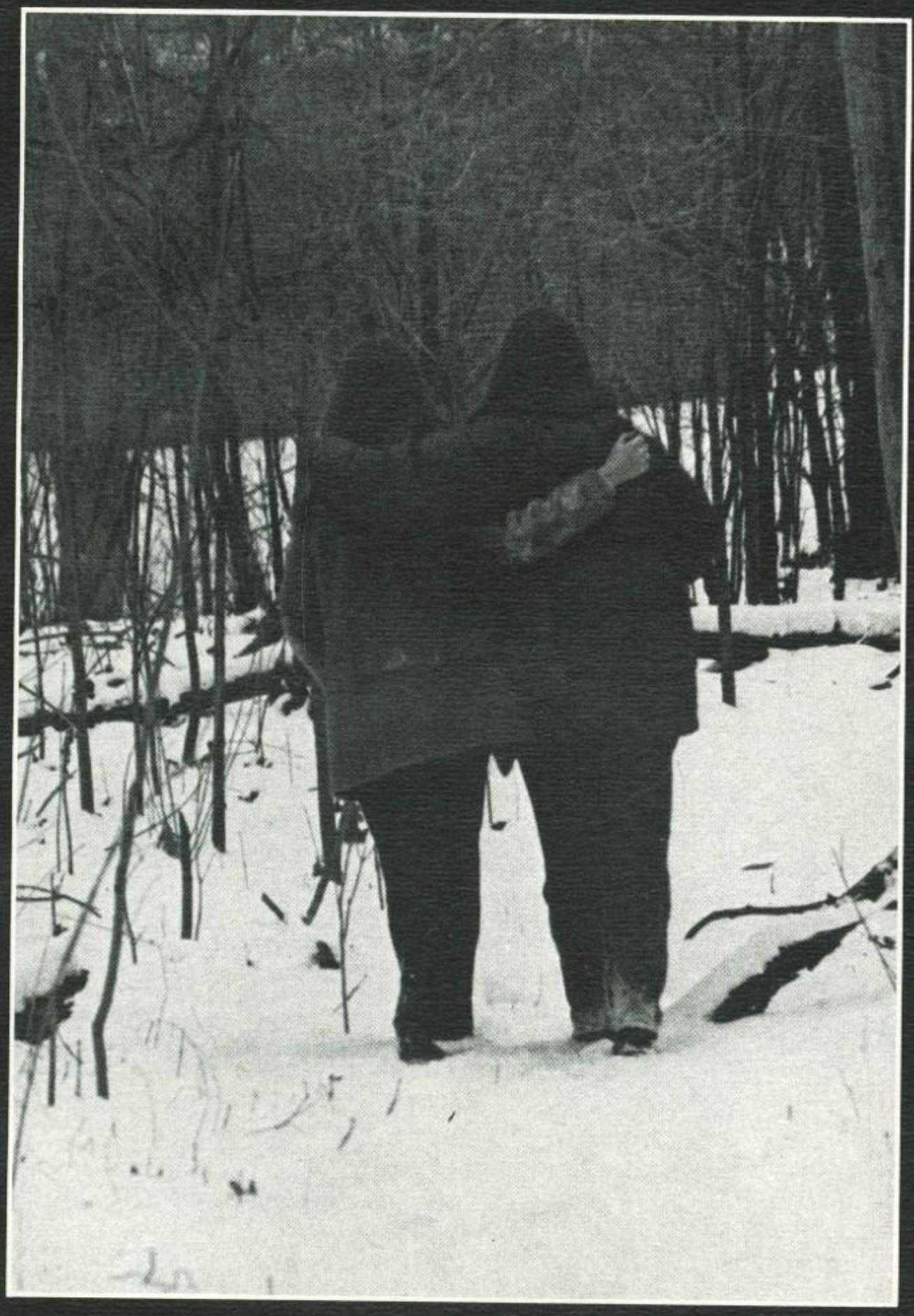
Scott Pacer

THE SILLY STORY

Once there was a man named Fred Boss.
He was a dumb dumb. He was the town drunk.
one day as he was driving to sam's bar
he fell asleep in his car. He went through
a road fence, sloped on a banana peel went
into a store, made the racks fall down,
and all the popcorn machine started to
work. A few hours he woke up. He was all
messy from head to toe. He got up and went
home. He asked what was for dinner. popcorn
his wife said. i dont think i want dinner.
THE END



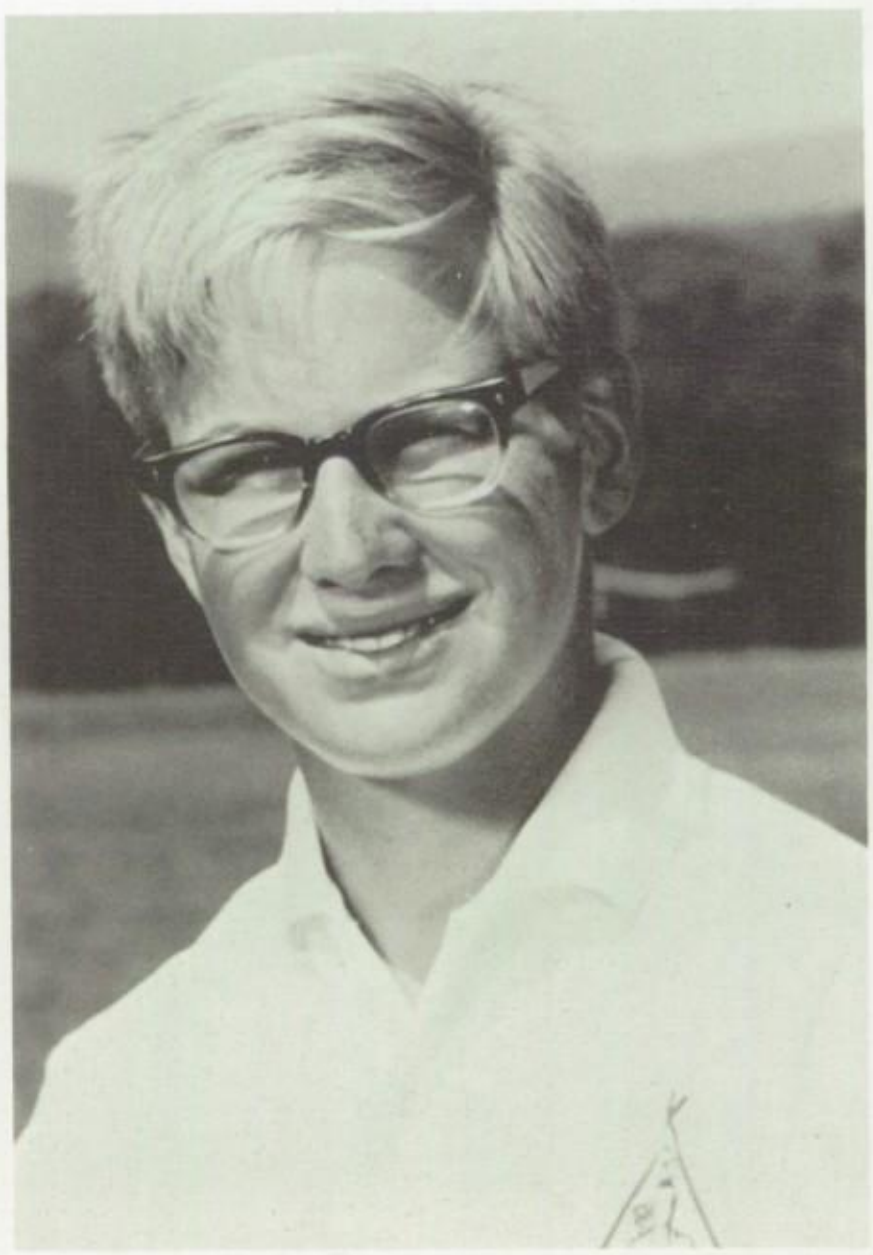
Lesley Reynolds and Cindy Rowley



We know nothing of what will
Happen in the future but by analogy
of experience

Abraham Lincoln
December 26, 1839

Tom Kasle



So long, Frank Lloyd Wright.
I can't believe your song is gone so soon.
I barelv learned the tune
So soon
So soon.

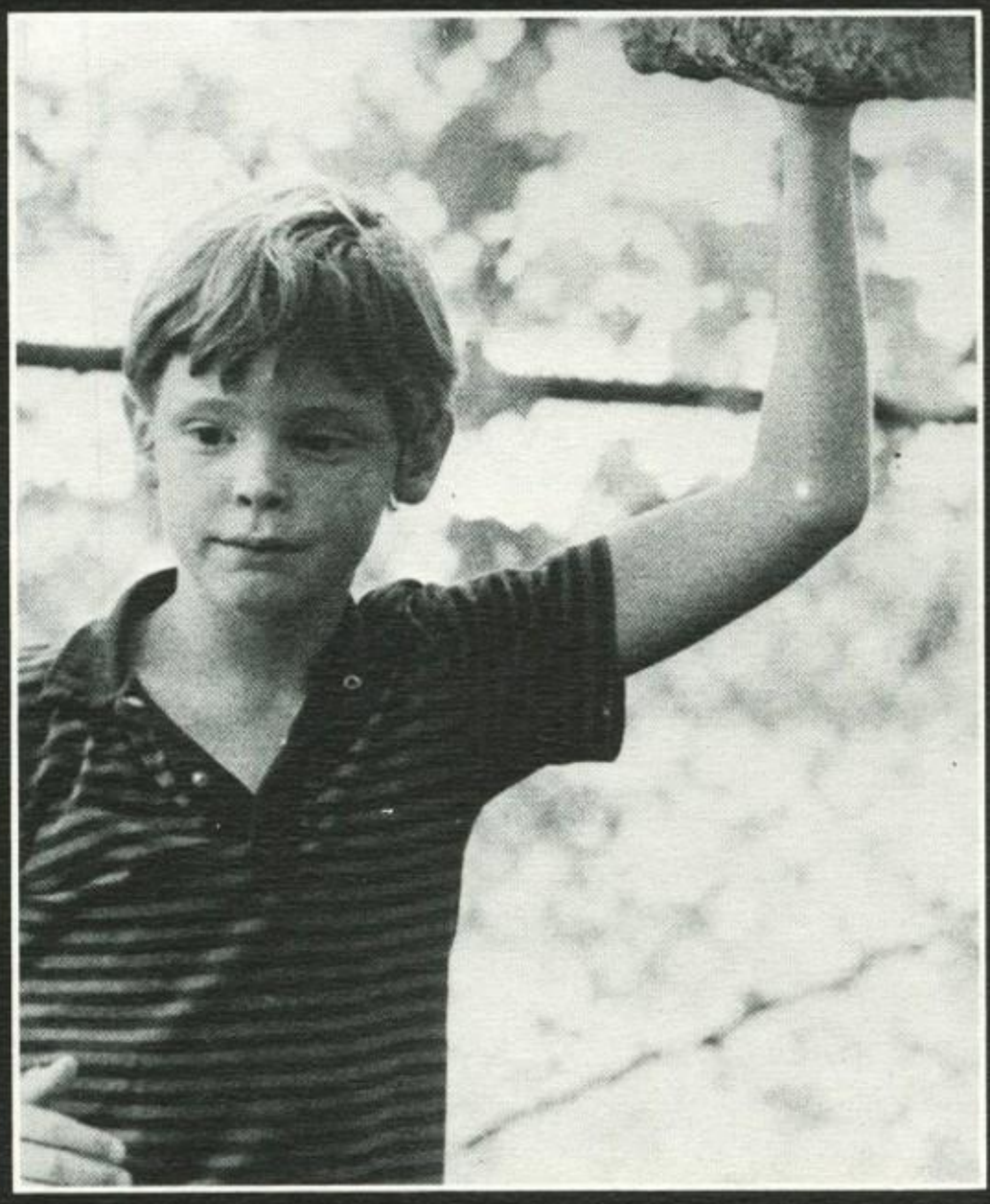
I'll remember Frank Lloyd Wright,
All of the nights we'd harmonize till dawn.
I never laughed so long
So long
So long.

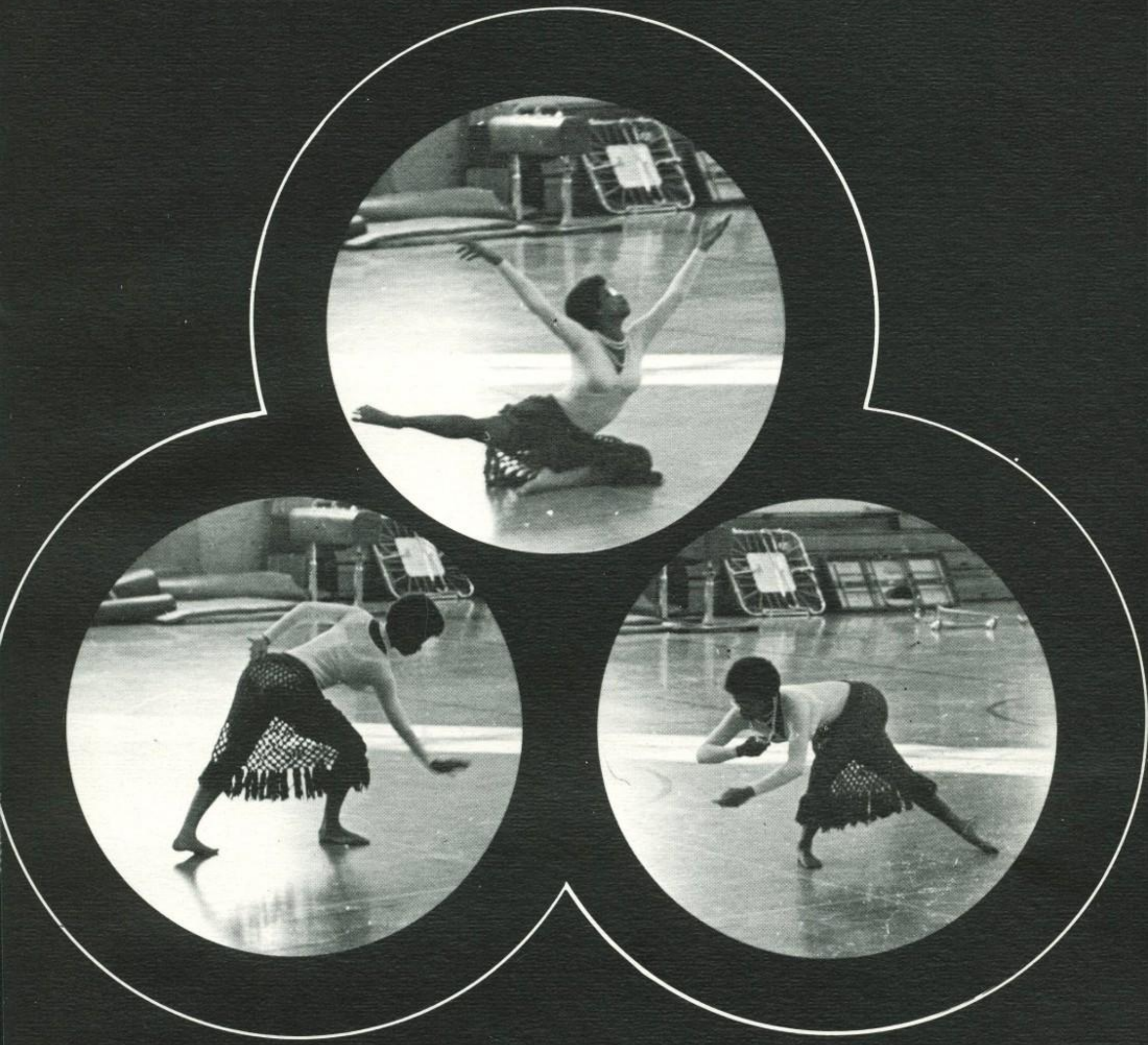
Architects may come and
Architects may go and
Never change your point of view.
When I run dry
I stop awhile and think of you.

So long Frank Lloyd Wright,
All of the nights we'd harmonize till dawn,
I never laughed so long
So long,
So long.

Simon and Garfunkal

Tony Baynard





I'll Catch the Sun
I'll catch the sun
and never give it back again.
I'll catch the sun
and keep it for my own.
And in a world where no one understands
I'll take my outstretched hand
and offer it to anyone
who comes along and tells me he's
in need of love.
In need of hope or maybe just a friend.
Perhaps in time I'll even share myself
with that new anyone
to whom I gave by hand.
—Rod McKuen

Hubert Roderick Boldon

Thank you:
Mrs. Russell
Mr. Russell
Mr. Lundholm
Coach
"Mug"
Mr. Deupree
"Chap"
Mrs. Hankins
"Short"
And a host of others

Then a woman said, Speak to us of Joy and Sorrow.
And he answered:
Your joy is your sorrow unmasked.
And the selfsame well from which your laughter rises
was oftentimes filled with your tears.
And how else can it be?
The deeper that sorrow carves into your being,
the more joy you can contain.

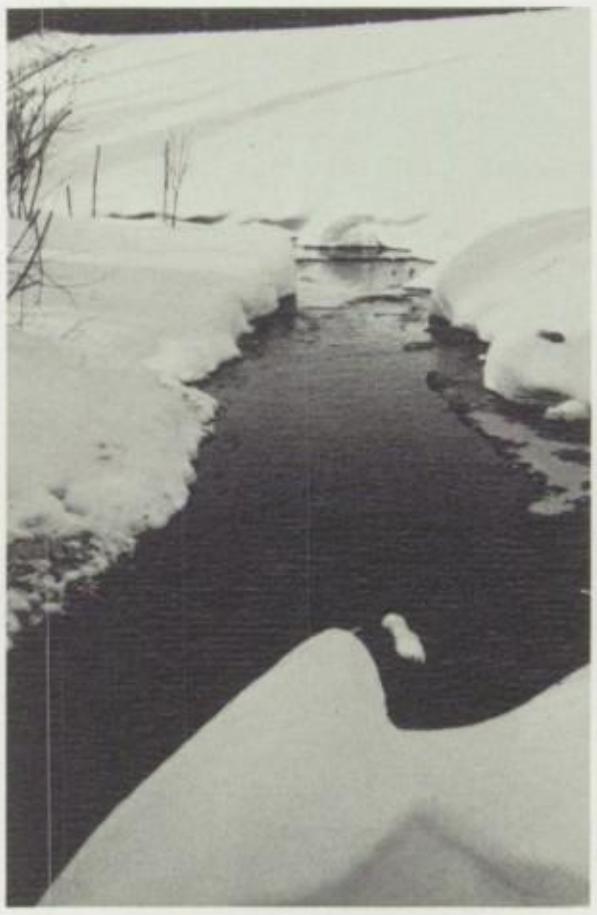
Kahil Gibran

The Little Boy Who Fried to Save His Snowman

Once upon a time there was a box and his name was Billy He made a Snowman. He named him Snowball. One day it get warm He tried and tried to save him but he couldn't But then he got great idea. He Jumed to his Feet and ran out in to the xard He grabed him befor it was to late. He took him in side and put him in the freezer. then his mother came in and said "time for dinner" then he said Shakily "ar we Haveing a froze in dinner" "no ar you ciding we ate the Last one to nights ago" "whew" then he Looked in the freezer but he didn't see Snowball. ono now I have to wait until next winer.

Tony Valentine

This is a friendship tree.
It is found in the deepest,
darkest parts of the conscious
mind, and it grows there plentifully
in the futile fields of our
most personal feelings.
It is not hard to find
if you are looking for it.
Sometimes it just springs
up when you least expect it.
It comes in all shapes and
sizes, and colors.
You can accept it and cultivate
it or you can reject it
and kill all traces of its existance.
You can also plant it,
cultivate it,
and nurture its growth
to its fullest state of love.
The plant feeds from
your actions, emotions, and feelings.
Yet it consumes nothing.
Sometimes the plant needs
no attention, and sometimes
it requires your fullest attention
to keep it from dying.
The fruits of the plants are
known to most, and a man
without them, is a man
who is living in non-existance.
Without this, life is useless
and meaningless—
for the greatest thing you can do
for someone you love
is to meaningfully exchange
of the fruits of this plant.



I want to travel to somewhere,
where I can
stand on the beaches and laugh at the moon,
play in the ocean, dance up the dunes,
trail sand up the stairs and never care,
and in the door and wish for more . . .
But
it's cloud on sun
and real on dream
like the place where the sea meets the sky.

The spring is not so beautiful there
But dream ships sail away
To where the spring is wondrous rare
And life is gay.

The spring is not so beautiful there
But lads put out to sea
Who carry beauties in their hearts
And dreams, like me.

Langston Hughes

A BETRAYAL OF AIR

A betrayal of air:
visions escaping
Like the sun escaping into an unsure, dissovling
distance

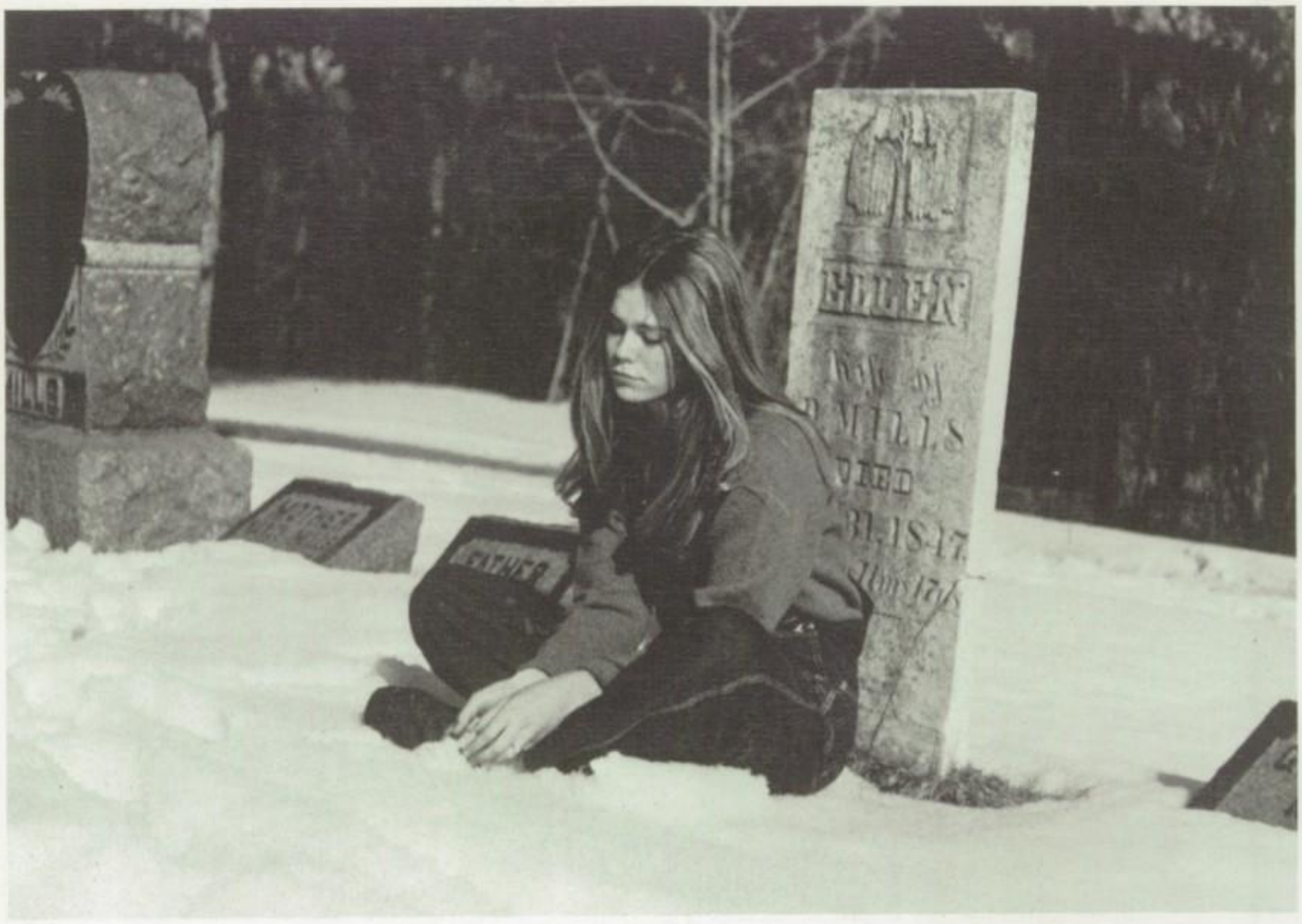
River's sound, the green reeds
The city raining into summer—
All these, the strangely lit reflections: stars.

Through the warm
Precarious blanket
Of fertile conceiving air, shifted and diffused

And in this,
The deep lost
Saturating sea of image ridden smell and sound

I am aware
of a betrayal of air—
Touches and songs, given to memory,
lost to time.

M. Jones



Pamela Kate Arnos

Standing left to right: Robinson Jeffers, Millard Fillmore, Andrew Marx—Engels, Watson, John Donne
Kneeling, left to right: Leon Trotsky, Ma Rainey, Homer, David Copperfield
Johann Wolfgang Von Goethe, Mississippi John Hurt.
Sleeping, left to right: Blind Lemon Jefferson, Jelley Roll Morton, Long Hours
Lud Beethoven.
Shaking hands in lower left hand corner, left to right: Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot.
Note, the hand in the upper right hand corner belongs to Niccolo Machiavelli.
Not in the picture, left to right: Sleepy John Estes, James Joyce, Fats Domino,
Tom Holland, Dr. Albert Schweitzer, stepping on the head of Albert Camus,
Don O'Desky, James Buchanan, Francais—Marie Arout De Voltaire.
Taking the picture: Muddy Waters & Dylan Thomas.

Once there was a square and a circle. They played together out at the park one day. And the circle said, "Why are you square?" "That's the way I was born, and I like being this way. But I wish I was a circle because squares are too fat." And then they went back to play. And one of Circle's friends came and asked if he could play with him. But a witch came flying right down and fell on square. And some of Square's friends were working on a mini-scooter. And they could hear Square screaming for his mother which he was just six years old. And the witch said, "This ground is bumpy. And get out from under there!" And the witch had to have some money. And Square said, "All you have to do was to conjure up some money." But witches could not do that because that would be cheating. So Square ran to the clubhouse and got the club's money. "And here's all 25¢" said Square. And the witch said, "That's not enough to buy groceries!" "We could open a store fixing things," said Square. There was a lot of people one day and as soon as the witch fixed everything strange things started to happen. And then there was a bigger crowd than ever. And they were broke. So they went back to the mini-bike and Square said, "It looks OK. It goes OK. And he sounds OK." And he went on it and it flew! And then Circle said, "We could have people fly on it for 25¢." And they got enough money. And the witch had enough money to do what she wanted to do.

Lagoon and Trifid Nebula

Jonathan Tischler

Do not be sad that you have
suffered
Be glad that there are paths
and hills
To continue your journey.

Roland MacNichol

We, the last of all, are the
first of all.
The oldest is always the newest,
I see nothing that I have seen
before;
A man is never lost, he has only
been mislaid.
Got to move on, got to travel,
Walk away my blues.

We are seperate stars in a mutual night
Against the encompassing darkness,
Let us together light our candles.

The most painful thing to bear is seeing a mockery made of what one loves.
Albert Camus

Philip Middleton Williams

"In the hours that we are
given in which to live,
we must take the stupidities
of life for what they really
are — stupidities."

—Philip M. Williams

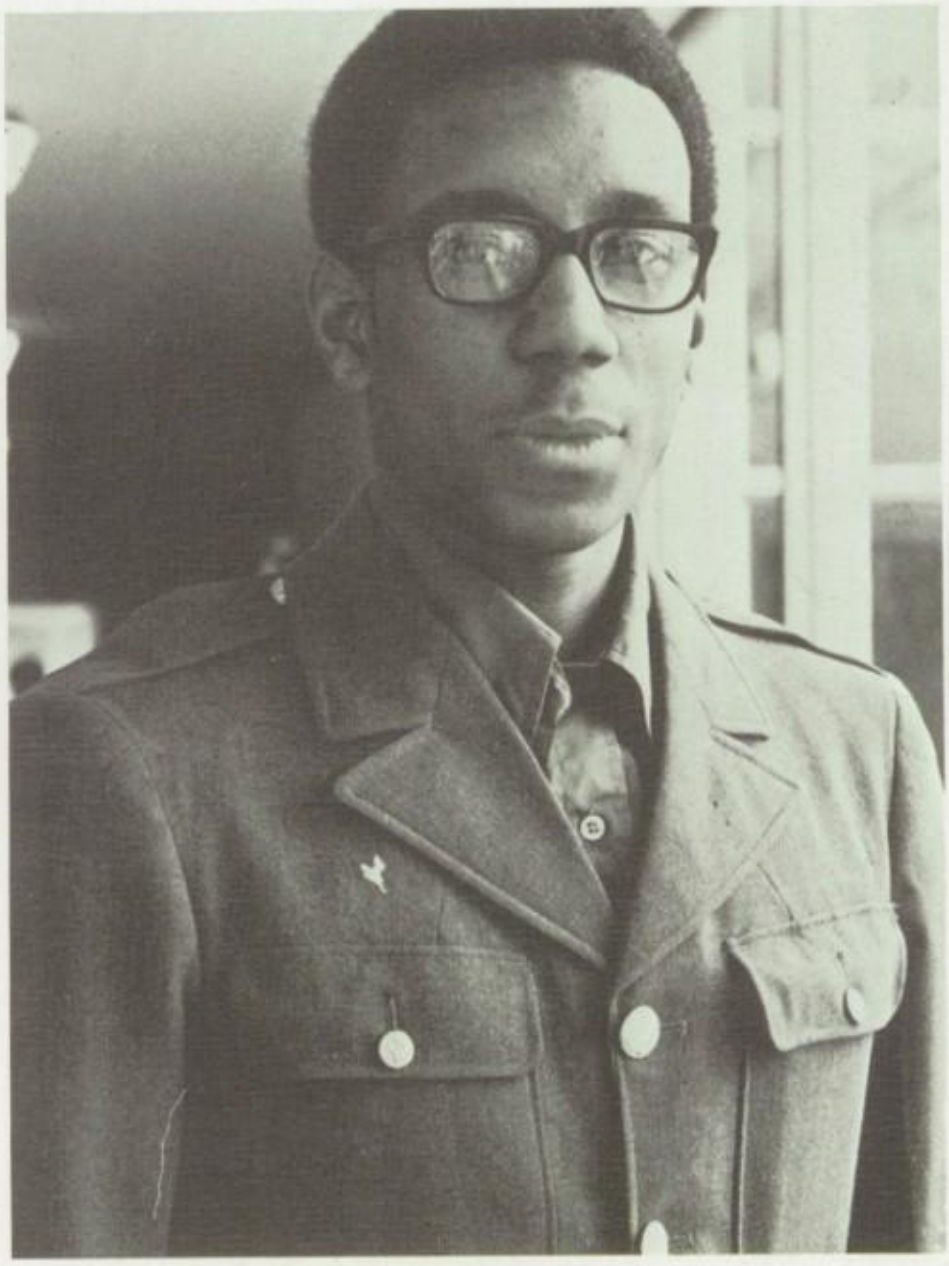
"If more of us valued food
and cheer and song above
hoarded gold, it would be
a merrier world."

—Thorin Oakenshield

"Rend your heart, and not your garments,
and turn to the Lord your God; for he is
gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and
abundant in lovingkindness, and
repenteth him of the evil."

—Joel 2:13

Dwight Anthony Scales



"Spud"

THE FUNNY STORE
By Karl Stapelfeldt

Once there was a man who wanted to build a ladder to the moon. He was a very good carpenter. So he took all his money and went to a store to buy wood. He got a lot of wood. Then he went home. He started to build the ladder. Then he rested to read the paper. A man had sliped on a banana peel and went up to the moon. It offerd a reward of one million dollers to any wone who could get him back. That ment he had to get him back to be rich. In a year he had it done. The ladder went up to dizying height and was allredy climbed all the way to the moon he found the lost man and they went back down the ladder to earth. He won the money and lived in happyniss for the rest of his life.

Ellen Morris

One small step for man,
One jiant leap for mankind

Magic is afoot. God rules. Alive is afoot. Alive is in command. Many weak men hungered. Many strong men thrived. Though they boasted solitude God was at their side. Nor the dreamer in his cell, nor the captain on the hill. Magic is alive.
Though his death was pardoned round and round the world the heart would not believe. Though laws were carved in marble they could not shelter men. Though altars built in parliments they could not order men. Police arrested Magic and Magic went with them for Magic loves the hungry. But Magic would not tarry. It moves from arm to arm. It would not stay with them. Magic is afoot. It cannot come to harm. It rests in an empty palm. It spawns in an empty mind. But magic is no instrument. Magic is the end.

—Leonard Cohen

The Ballad of the Harp-Weaver

"Son," said my mother,
When I was knee-high,
"You've need of clothes to cover you,
And not a rag have I.

"There's nothing in the house
To make a boy breeches,
Nor shears to cut a cloth with,
Nor thread to take stitches.

"There's nothing in the house
But a loaf-end of rye,
And a harp with a woman's head
Nobody will buy,"
And she began to cry.

That was in the early fall
When came the late fall,
"Son," she said, "the sight of you
Makes your mother's blood crawl-

"Little skinny shoulder-blades
Sticking through your clothes!
And where you'll get a jacket from
God above knows.

"It's lucky for me, lad,
Your daddy's in the ground,
And can't see the way I let
His son go around!"
And she made a queer sound.

That was in the late fall.
When the winter came,
I'd not a pair of breeches
Nor a shirt to my name.

I couldn't go to school,
Or out of doors to play.
And all the other little boys
Passed our way.

"Son," said my mother,
"Come, climb into my lap,
And I'll chafe your little bones
While you take a nap."

And, oh, but we were silly
For half an hour or more,
Me with my long legs
Dragging on the floor,

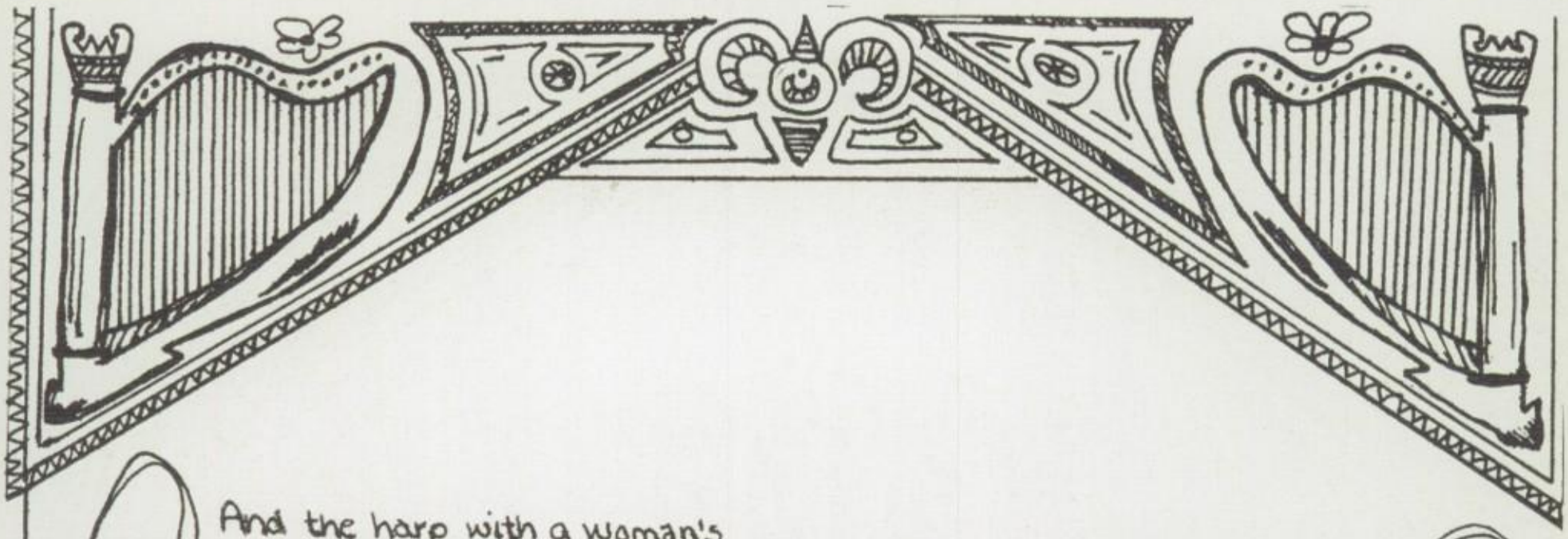
A-rock-rock-rocking
To a mother-goose rhyme!
Oh, but we were happy
For half an hour's time!

But there I was, a great boy,
And what would folk's say
To hear my mother singing me
To sleep all day,
In such a daft way?

Men say the winter
Was bad that year;
Fuel was scarce,
And food was dear.

A wind with a wolf's head
Howled about our door,
And we burned up the chairs
And sat upon the floor.

All that was left us
Was a chair we couldn't break,



And the harp with a woman's head
Nobody would take
For song or pity's sake.

The night before Christmas
I cried with the cold,
I cried myself to sleep
Like a two-year-old.

And in the deep night
I felt my mother rise,
And stare down upon me
With love in her eyes.

I saw my mother sitting
On the one good chair,
A light falling on her
From I couldn't tell where,

Looking nineteen,
And not a day older,
And the harp with a woman's head
Leaned against her shoulder.

Her thin fingers, moving
In the tall, thin strings,
Were weav-weav-weaving
Wonderful things.

Many bright threads
From where I couldn't see,
Were running through the harp-strings
Rapidly,

And gold threads whistling
Through my mother's hand.
I saw the web grow,
And the pattern expand.

She wove a child's jacket,
And when it was done
She laid it on the floor
And wove another one.

She wove a red cloak
So regal to see,
"She's made it for a king's son,"
I said, "and not for me.
But I knew it was for me.

She wove a pair of breeches
Quicker than that!
She wove a pair of boots
And a little cocked hat.

She wove a pair of mittens,
She wove a little blouse,
She wove all night
In the still, cold house.

She sang as she worked,
And the harp-strings spoke;
Her voice never faltered,
And the thread never broke.
And when I awoke,

There sat my mother
With the harp against her shoulder,
Looking nineteen,
And not a day older,

A smile about her lips,
And a light about her head,
And her hand in the harp-strings
Frozen dead.

And piled up beside her
And toppling to the skies,
Were the clothes of a king's son,
Just my size.

— Edna St. Vincent Millay

"h"

I do my thing and you do your thing
I am not in this world to live up to your
expectations
And you are not in this world to live up
to mine
You are you and I am I
And if by chance we find eachother
It's beautiful

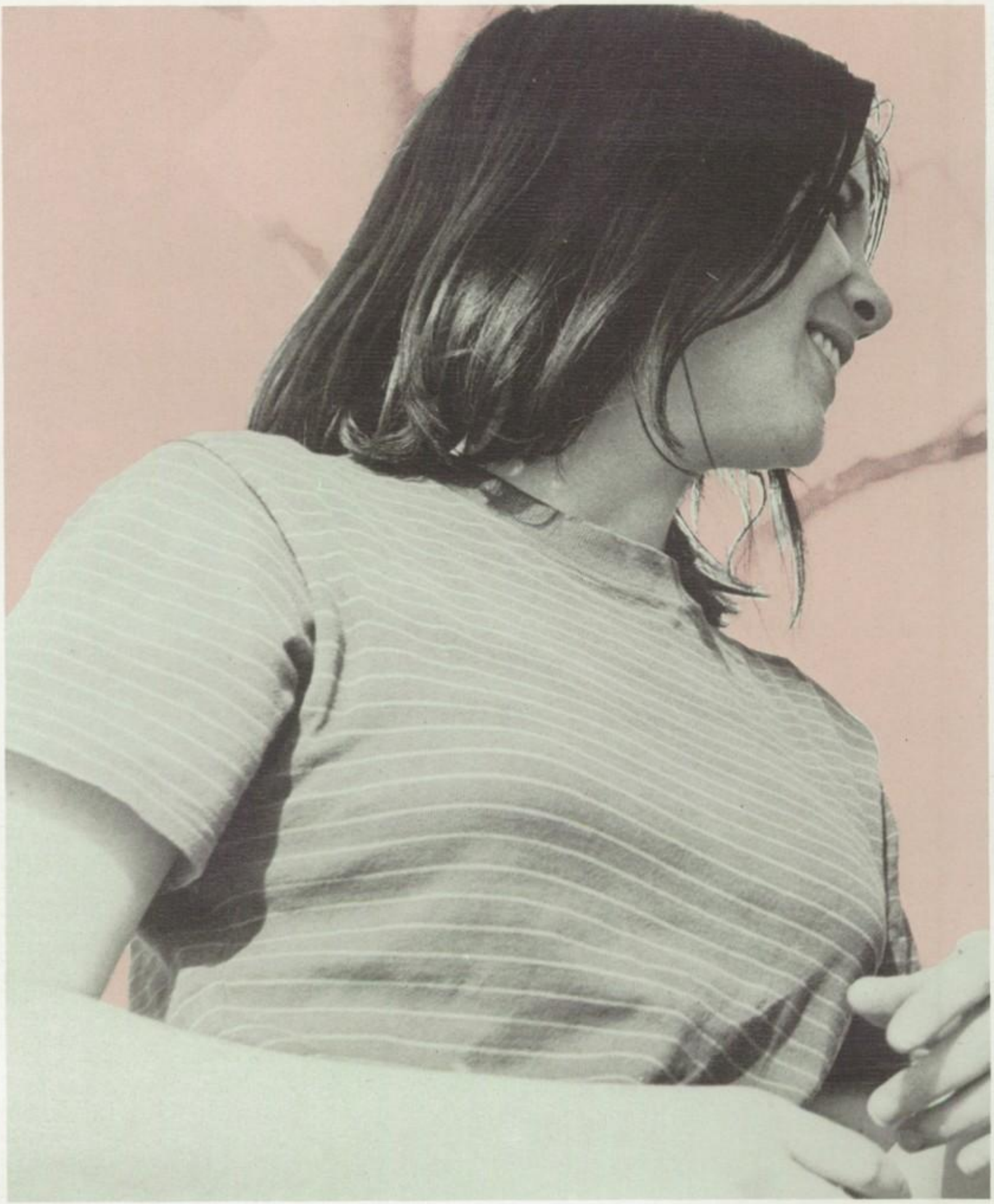
If a man does not keep pace with his companions,
perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer.
Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away.
Henry David Thoreau

Pam

Ricky Dolgin

Richard Pyle

Forrest Schofield



Gail Sullivan

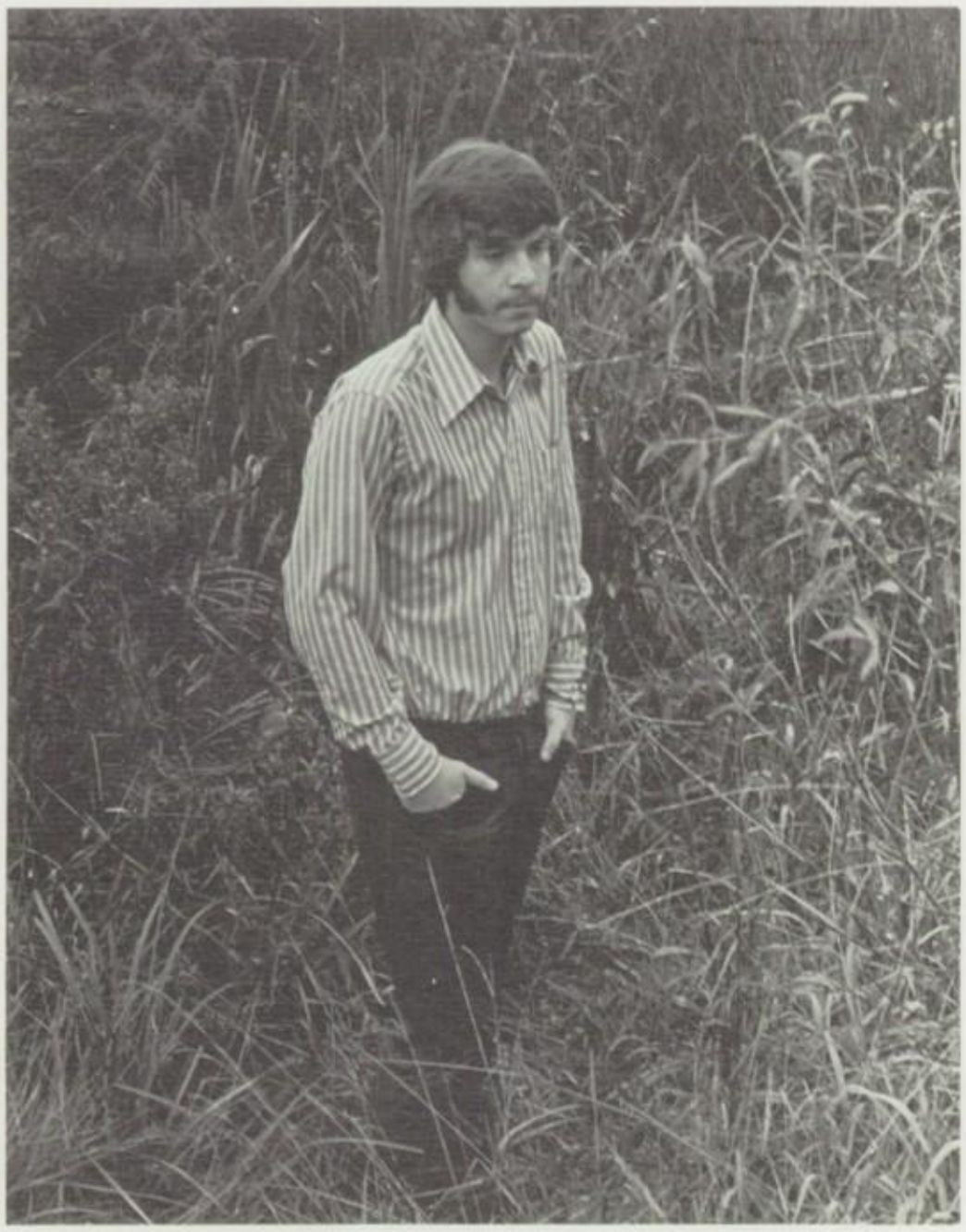
My thoughts of you
Had traveled wide
And then my heart
Felt warm inside
Without a single
Doubt I knew
That you were thinking
Of me too.
Martin Buxbaum

Sue Anderson
Betsi, R², C.J.W., Gail, Sue, Jan, Rhu, Biebe, Dr. Russell, Mr. Coolidge and Math,
"Camelot", "L.M.S."

When you're weary,
Feelin' small,
When tears are in your eyes, I'll dry them all;
I'm on your side.
Oh, when times get rough
And friends can't be found,
Like a bridge over troubled water
I will lay me down.
Like a bridge over troubled water
I will lay me down.
Oh, if you need a friend
I'm sailing right behind.

Like a bridge over troubled water
I will ease your mind.
Like a bridge over troubled water
I will ease your mind.

"Well, well, well"; "And what is the nature of the conversation in which you wished to engage us?"; "That's why I want to pull the stunt that Mata Hari did!"; "Oh my God, George!"



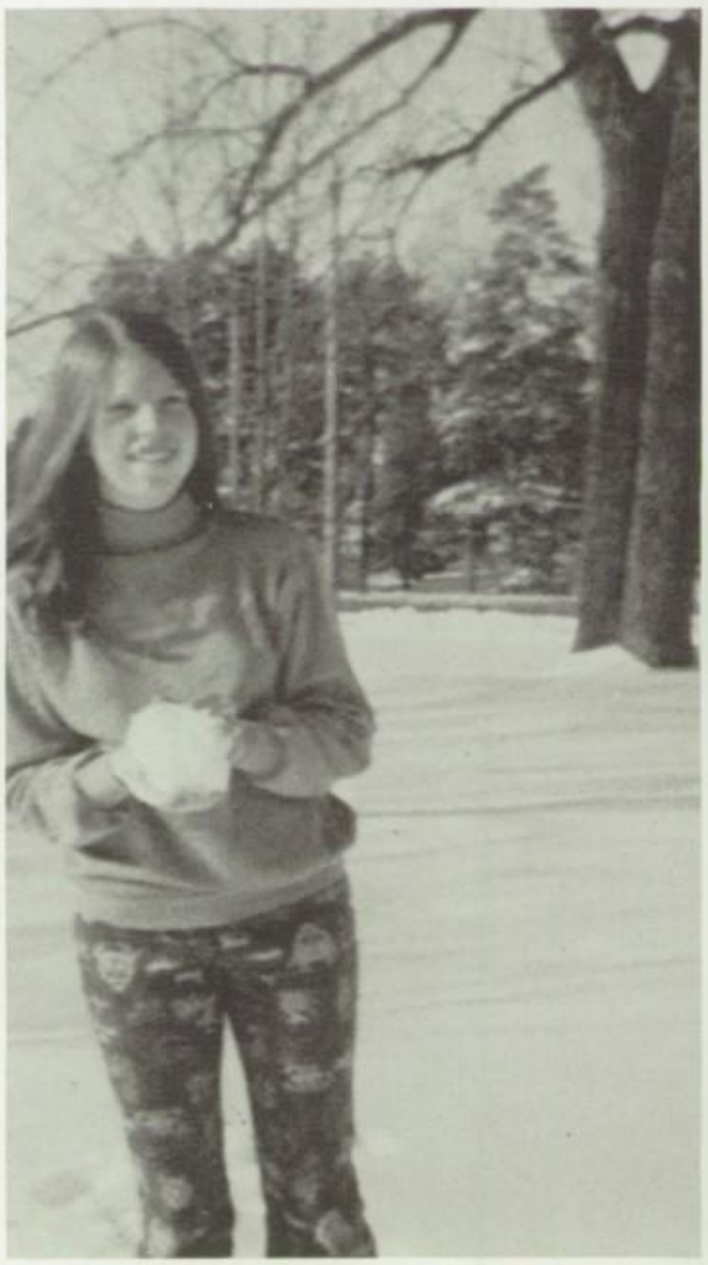
Everything someday will be gone except silence
The earth will be quiet again
The seas, the clouds will wash away the ashes
of violence.
But for the memory of men
There will be no survivors my friend
Kantner-Balin

Either go away or go all the way in
Look at what you hold
Come back down on a spear of silence
When it flies
You go on through
You come on through
The ridiculous no
Oh no
One more pair of
Loving eyes look down on you
Sheets and a pillow
How old will you have to be before you
Stop believing
That those eyes will look down on you
That way forever
Grace Slick

The fading things we only know
We'll have forgotten . . .
Put away . . .
Desires that melted with the snow,
And dreams begotten
This today;
The sudden dawns we laughed to great,
That all could see, that none could share,
Will be but dawns . . . and if we must
We shall not care.

Dear . . . not one tear will rise for this . . .
A little while hence
No regret
Will stir for a remembered kiss—
Not even silence,
When we've met,
Will give old ghosts a waste to roam,
Or stir the surface of the sea . . .
If gray shapes drift beneath the foam
We shall not see.
F. Scott Fitzgerald

Susan Blaser



Carol Whitbeck

How shall I go in peace and without sorrow? Nay, not without a wound in the spirit shall I leave this city. Long were the days of pain I have spent within its walls, and long were the nights of aloneness; and who can depart from his pain and his aloneness without regret?

Too many fragments of the spirit have I scattered in these streets, and too many are the children of my longing that walk naked among these hills, and I cannot withdraw from them without a burden and an ache.

I cast off this day, but a skin that I tear with my own hands.

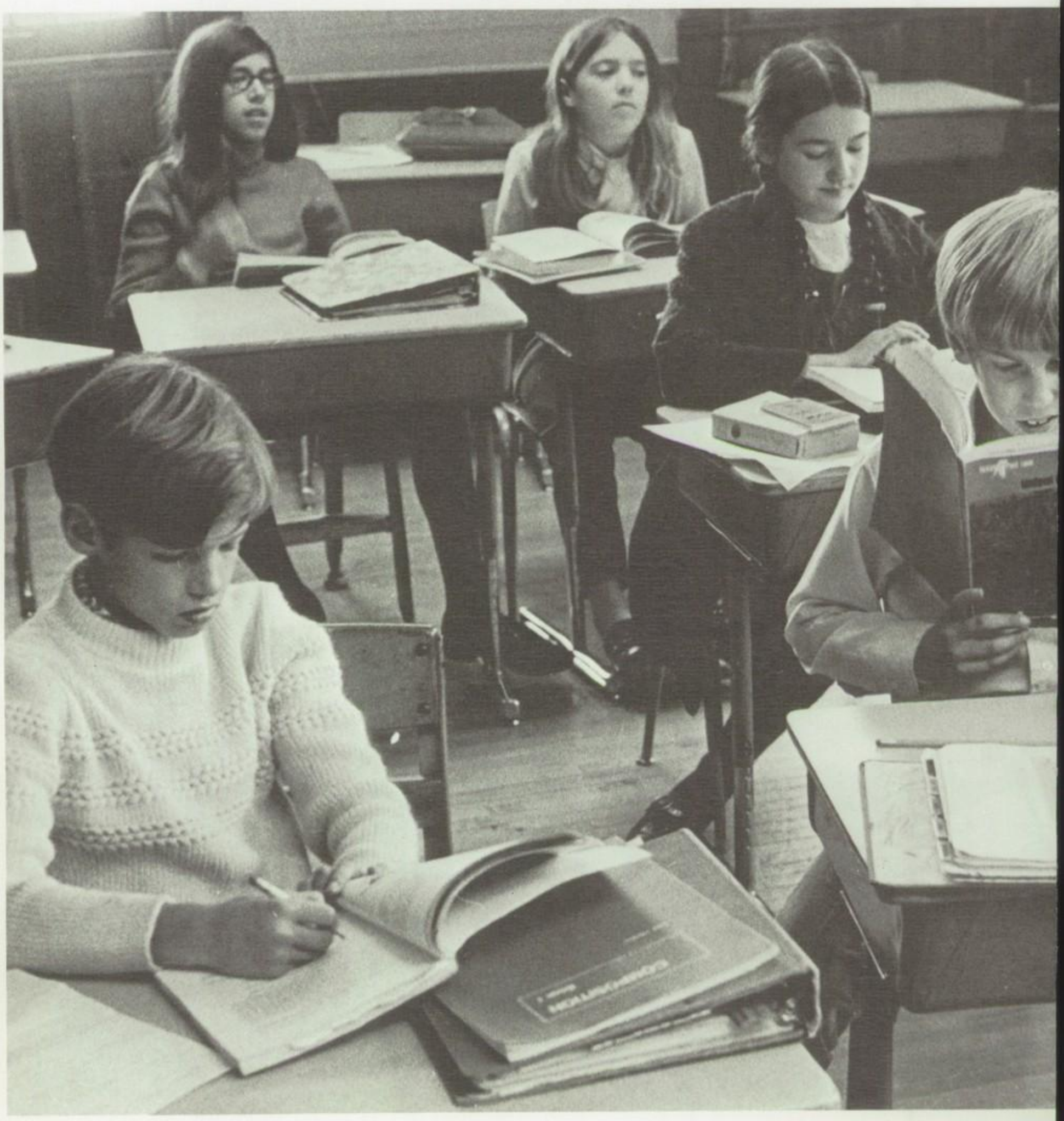
Nor is it a thought I leave behind me, but a heart made sweet with hunger and with thirst.

Yet I can not tarry longer.

The sea that calls all things unto her calls me, and I must embark.

For to stay, though the hours burn in the night, is to freeze and crystallize and be bound in a mould.

Kahlil Gibran



Snail Snail you have a short tail
I dont no why you have a short tail
Snail Snail you donot have a short tail
You Just have the right size of tail
For a snail
Anne Reiter

I hav a litil candill
I lite it all the time.
I lited it one niet and
It makes a litilshin.
Paige Rorick

fog

fog is like snow
fog is cold
fog is everything
Whitney Gifford

The Story of the old class room. by Angie

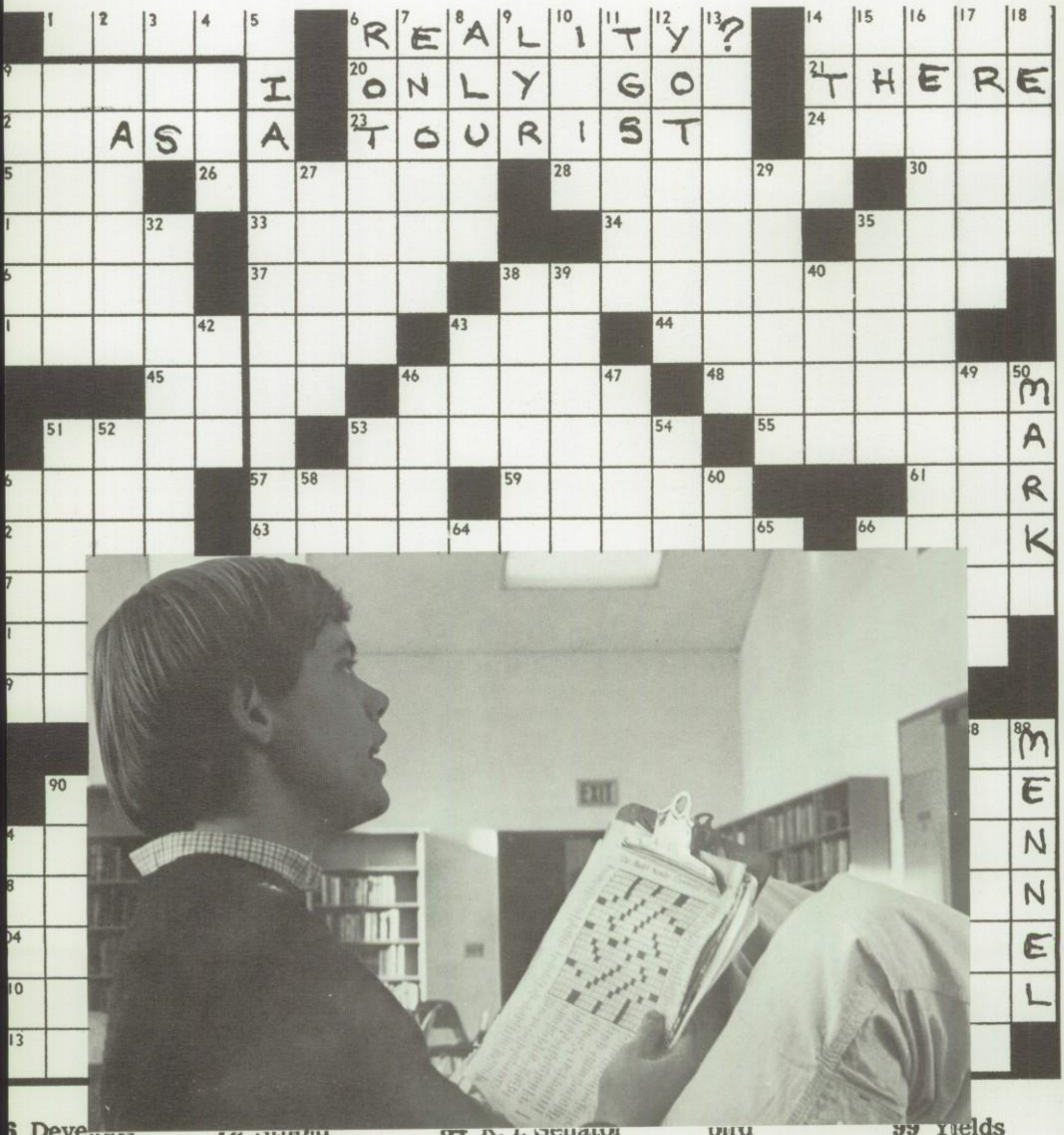
one day the Children Left the old School
because the School Was too Old. the
teacher Said that i know it is Old but
We can lern. the next day No one came
to School.
the End

PRPeL MakSe
Me thingks
UEFE tulips
—holly euton

Silver is the color of a
train streaking through the
night Silver is the color of
a new headlight Silver is the
feeling of a denver man
who knows what he's doing
on the Rio Grand.
—Tom Bemis

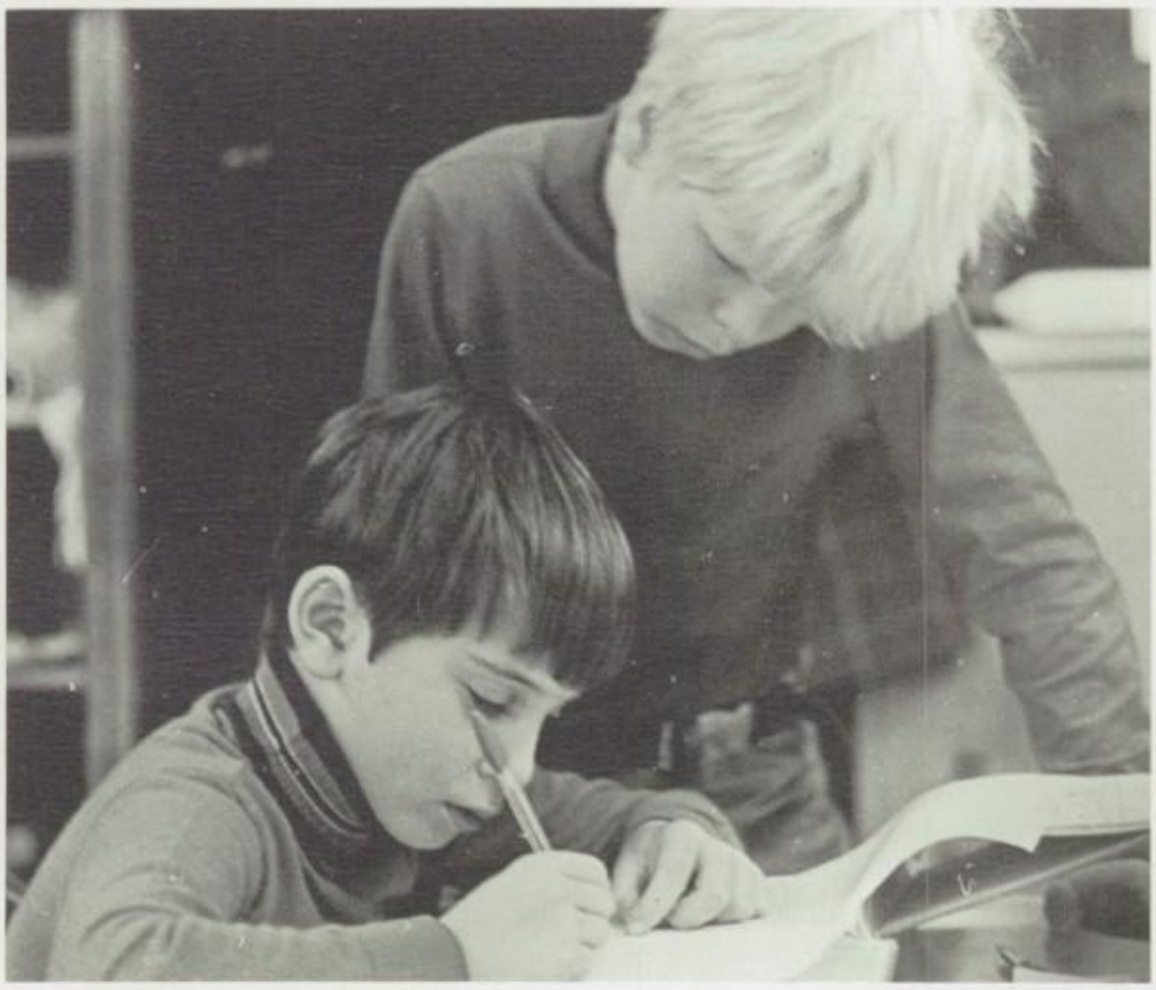
Yellow reminds me of . . .
sun and dazys
lemin and the
flowers on Leann's beds.
Betsy Coolidge

Green is a half a mile of Skotlind.
Green is also your chalk bord.
Blue is the sky.
Blue is the gurses of the Minasota Vikings.
White is me.
Brown is a pudle of Budl, Pudl.
Red is the blood of drakuler.
Silver is Alan, from Lost in Space,
But the Alan is me.
Gold is the end to mony, mony, mony.
(Pink) Pink.
David White



Develops **72** Stupid **84** R. I. Senator bird **99** Yields
3 Inlet **73** Whilom **86** Proffers **92** Steering device **100** Cotton
0 New Guinea port **74** Join the pensioners **87** Ciceronian activity **94** Of Paul or Pius **102** Silk; Fr.
4 Henry James heroine **76** Born: Fr. **88** Marine mammal **96** Picasso **105** Court call
5 Part of Stepquote **78** Concha **89** More polished **107** Suitable
6 Chess pieces **80** Glides downhill again **90** White wine **109** Conducted
91 Fruit-eating

Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 100. A new puzzle tomorrow and every weekday on the Book Page.



THE SCHOOL BUS
By Karl Stapelfeldt

Once there was a school bus. His name
was jim. Jim loved flowers. There was
no thing better then that in his life.
one day Jim got a job at a school.
It was fun for a wile but soon he missed
the flowers a lot. On the way to school
one day he went off the road in sadniss
and went head on thougt a haystack
and two fences smashed over a dog house
ran over a hen and mushed a henhouse
AND finely went into a grage wall.
HE found himsilf all mashed up and
ina fild of flowers!Since he cuoldint
get out he lived there for the days
he lived in his life.
THE END

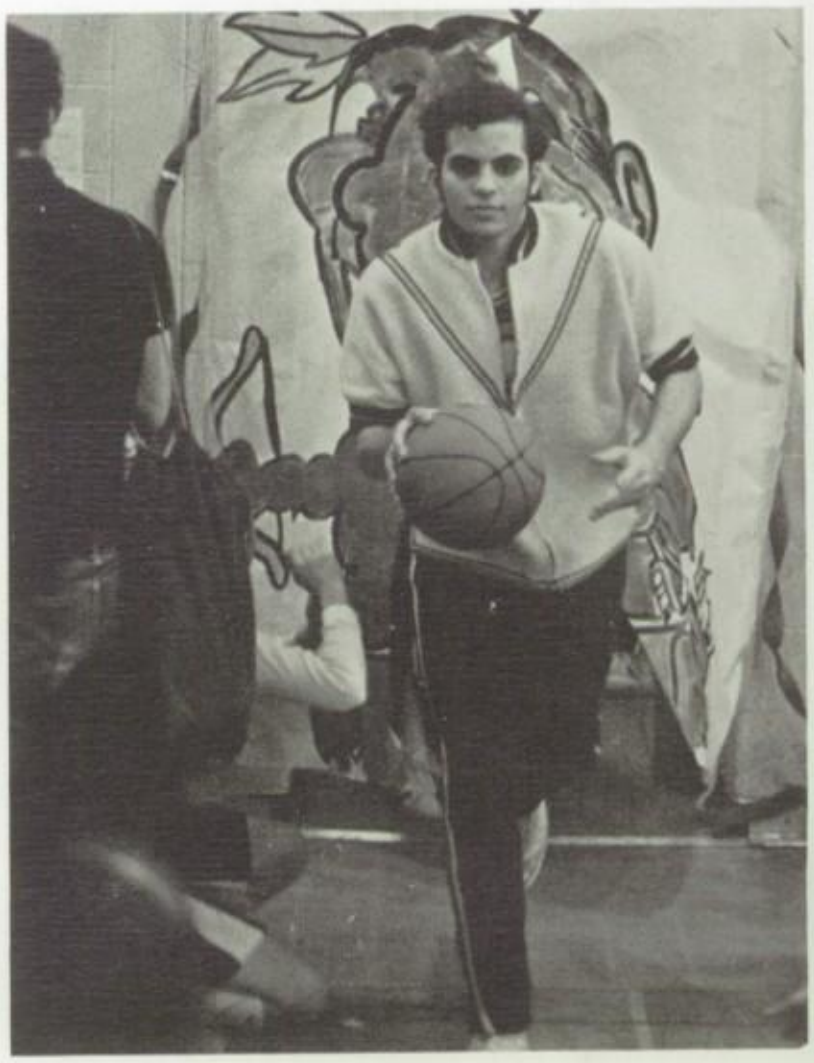
THE SAD LITTLE PUMPKIN
By Anne Logan

One Day There Was A Pumpkin. It Was Near Holl-
Oween. There Was Ownily One Pumpkin Left In The
Pumpkin Pach An That One Was Friedy. Friedy
Was A Little Lonily Pumpkin. Evry Year Friedy
Would Sit In The Pumpkin Pach. He Thout For
Shere That He Would Be Picked To Be A Pumpkin
This Year But He Was Not Right(At First He
Was But Latter He Was Not.) So The Story
Begann. Friedy Was Siting In The Pumpkin
Pack An It Begann To Snow. Friedy Was Gett-
ing Cold And Friedy Felt Some Body Lift Him Up
An Give Him Away He Was Very Happy.
THE END

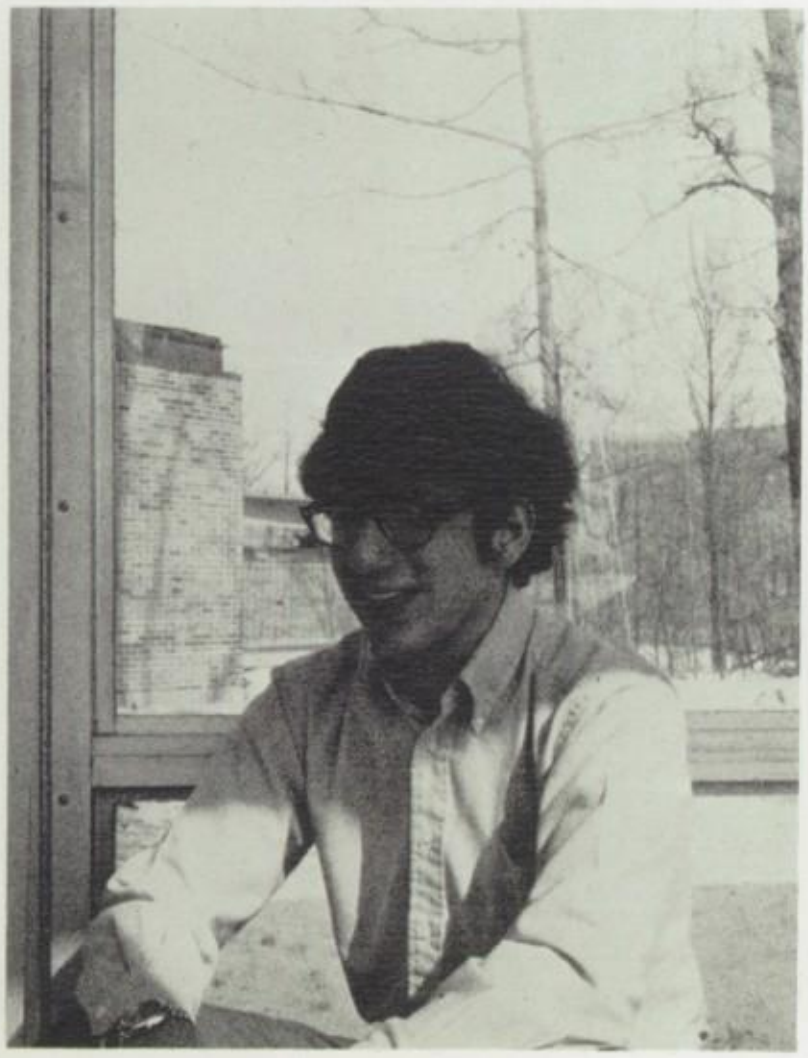
Mark Gottfried

Dave Winbigler

Chris Joseph



Julian Kaplin



We think of religious activity
as directed toward God
instead of man.

We believe in someone divine
rather than in ourselves.

Maybe we have turned religion
inside out.

Can we turn "touching" inside out
to find man—
and God?

To let the forest get inside
without thinking about
what is happening—
Letting the mind go clear,
resting in the enclosure
of awesome silence.

Held,
penetrated,
invaded
Until the odor of needles
and moist earth,
the gentle sound of a falling cone
or droning insect
in a beam of light
speak from deep inside
you.

Thank God for myself.

We must learn to celebrate life where we find it.

Elizabeth Biebesheimer

Facts are the enemy of truth.
Dale Wasserman
Man of La Mancha

I'm walking sown the alley,
I'm sitting in the meadow,
I'm running through the field,
I'm waiting by the roadside.
But you never seem to come.
I do not care to walk down alleys,
Or sit in meadows,
Run through fields, or wait by roadsides,
If you do not intend to come.
Elizabeth
September 7, 1970

deb biebesheimer

The Road goes ever on and on
Down from the door where it began.
Now far ahead the Road has gone,
And I must follow, if I can,
Pursuing it with weary feet,
Until it joins some larger way,
Where many paths and errands meet.
And whither then? I cannot say.
J.R.R. Tolkein

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